THE TIMES
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

T·L·S

14 JULY 1972
No. 3,672

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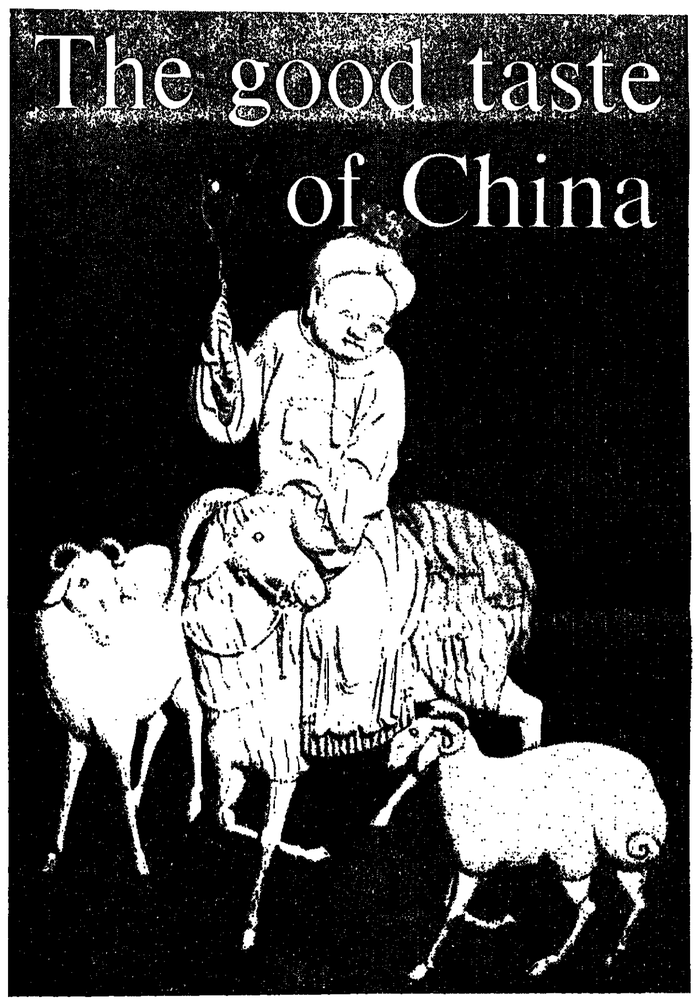
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Printed and Published by Times Newspapers Limited at Printing House Square, in the Parish of St Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe with St Anne, Blackfriars, in the City of London, EC4P 4DE, England. Friday, July 14, 1972. Registered as a newspaper at the Post Office.

THE TIMES
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

T·L·S

FRIDAY 7 JULY 1972 • No. 3,671 • Price 10p

# The good taste of China



*Low relief ivory carving (possibly fourteenth century AD) of a woman with a sprig of flowering prunus, mounted on a ram excerted by two cows.*

IN THE LAST TWENTY YEARS of his life the late Sir Percival David spent much of his time in the study of the most famous of Chinese handbooks for collectors, the *Ko-ku-yao-lun*, or "Essential Information for the Judgment of Antiquities", by Ts'ao Chao of the early Ming period, which now appears in an annotated translation made by David himself with the collaboration of C. J. Ch'en. The editing, since David's death, has been in the hands of others, led by Basil Gray. This is the first time that such a text has been translated in its entirety, although excerpts from it and its like have tantalized us since Bushell presented them around the turn of the century in his books on Chinese lacquer and pottery. David's interest was fired when he acquired a copy of the three-chapter version of the text during his internment in Shanghai in 1941. The introduction of his book argues persuasively, if not cogently, for this being a copy of the otherwise lost first edition of 1388, and the collector's pride vies with the scholar's acumen in proving the point. Happily, in doing so he demonstrates how accurate was the text of 1596, which has been the only one known to scholars.

The *Ko-ku-yao-lun* is basically a collector's commonplace book; the items are arranged on a plan which is an expansion of that adopted for the model of all such works, the *Tung-t'ien-ch'ing-lu*, published by Chao Hsi-ku in the 1330s or 1340s, almost a century and a half earlier than the *Ko-ku-yao-lun*, and the same impersonal tone is adopted in cataloguing the material. Some sections of the earlier work are repeated verbatim here, and it is a fault of the editing that this is not indicated. Indeed Chao Hsi-ku is nowhere mentioned. A study of the Chinese habit of continual unacknowledged excerpting would enable the art historian to make more confident use of statements which tend to be treated as the apophthegms of the latest anthologizer.

The subjects of the *Ko-ku-yao-lun*'s three chapters are: ancient bronzes and paintings; zithers, inkstones, etc; porcelain, lacquer, rare stones, etc. A distinguished connoisseur of Chinese art himself, David's special contribution is the *most* precise in rendering technical terms. The translation includes also six chapters added to the basic text when this was reissued by Wang Tso in 1459, to be reprinted in 1462 (but may we not have one edition here, the date of the preface and the date of publication being three years apart?). Wang Tso's chapters reveal more strictly antiquarian interest, and seem to involve less of connoisseurship than we may credit to Ts'ao Chao; they are in the main notes on calligraphies, tablets, imperial patents, and palaces. The text of the three chapters of 1388 is given in facsimile in the plates, but the remainder is inaccessible, being generally thought no longer extant. David "by sheer good luck ... was given an unexpected opportunity to consult" a copy of the 1459 edition. When there follows in his preface a cordial acknowledgment of assistance received from the King of Sweden, one cannot help wondering if a royal library was not the source of this rare bibliographical item.

If we may assume that the observations made in the *Ko-ku-yao-lun* given allowing that much may repeat earlier material, as can be shown in some passages) represent general opinion in the late fourteenth century, there are two themes of particular interest. The section on bronzes still adheres to Chao Hsi-ku's contention that the ritual vessels of the Shang dynasty were plain, as befitted the moral character of that time, while those of the supposed earlier dynasty of Hsia were inlaid with fine gold wire. Views of this kind, without any basis in fact, either explain the taste for abundant inlaid ornament in the archaistic reproduction of bronze vessels from the Sung period on, or show how collectors might be imposed upon by the fakers. The latters' methods are more briefly described here than in the *Tung-t'ien-ch'ing-lu*. Another art-historical point arises from Ts'ao Chao's unpartisan comments on painting. At the end of this section he lists Sung painters, but none of the Yüan dynasty, these evidently still being far from the acclaim they were to receive in later Ming criticism. Nor does Ts'ao Chao observe the division between academics and independents which a century or so after his time was virtually to exclude the former from serious attention.

Unfortunately for the interests of modern collecting the section on ceramics is brief and unenlightening, and the author's curiosity goes more to woods and stones, and to zithers, though here too it is the material of which they are manufactured that holds his interest. The value of the book lies as much in the intellectual atmosphere it portrays as in these factual particulars. It gives what every early Ming gentleman should know; but the modern gentleman studying these things must know a good deal more.

The difficulties of editing a posthumous work can be bewildering, but here there are signs of carelessness: the inclusion or omission of a folio reference to the facsimile text is quite haphazard, the mistaken references in a crucial passage of David's bibliographical argument make one give it up, and the omission of Chinese characters even at crucial points shows little concern for philology. The editors should not have consented to the omission of the early Wang Tso text, so that this part of the translation may not be compared with the original or the Chinese forms of technical terms and proper names established. The plates added to the translation are a selection of outstanding works of art, many from the David collection. It is a pity that pieces could not be chosen which relate more clearly to observations made in the text.

*The Chinese Literati on Painting* is quite the best that has appeared in the West on the subject of Chinese art theory. Hitherto we have been accustomed to the rather unsystematic citation of Chinese opinion on painting to illustrate concepts of painting in general or in support of a particular philosophy, and the latter has invariably been that of the late Ming literati. What makes this new treatise so original is Susan Bush's readiness to take historical views where others are content to accept authority. Her quarry is the tradition of "scholar's painting", but she gives more than the customary illustration of the division of all painting into theoretical Northern and Southern schools as seen through the eyes of Tung Ch'i-ch'ang. Invariably basing her conclusions on the words of the painters and critics themselves (all translated in complete passages and transcribed in Chinese in an appendix), she shows how the

**SIR PERCIVAL DAVID** (Editor and Translator):
**Chinese Connoisseurship**
351pp. Faber and Faber. £15.

**SUSAN BUSH:**
**The Chinese Literati on Painting**
227pp. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3.30.

**DAISETZ T. SUZUKI:**
**Sengai**
The Zen Master.
191pp. Faber and Faber. £4.

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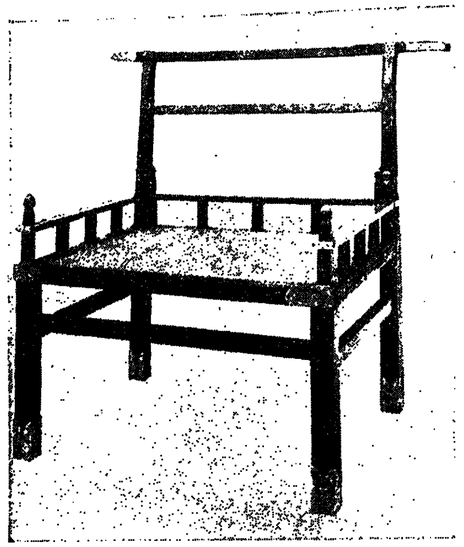
attitude which Tung Ch'i-ch'ang has come to represent rather exclusively is only the climax of a movement of opinion traceable through the Ming period. She shows the slightness of the expressed critical attitude of the Yüan masters who were later acclaimed as revolutionaries, and she insists rightly that the scholar's evaluation of landscape was not adopted until the late Ming.

With candour unaccustomed in such studies, Dr Bush demonstrates how caste exclusiveness and social snobbery could be made overt criteria of excellence, so that personal and regional groupings of artists came to have real art-historical significance in Chinese eyes. "Westerners are less able to conceive of a socially conscious art history", she remarks, but that is an ideology like any other, and it might be thought that Westerners are particularly well qualified to see art in just such terms.

The point is, however, that the Chinese insistently linked social and official status with *intrinsic* value, and that ideas of this order moulded the notion of scholars' painting from an early time. It began in the late eleventh century with the correlation of literature—in China so nearly synonymous with literacy—and painting. In some famous verses Su Shih seems to say that painting cannot be bound by verisimilitude any more than poetry can be by theme, but Dr Bush points out that it is the creative process and the expressiveness of what is created that Su had in mind, and that "only a later writer like Tung Ch'i-ch'ang could apply the couplet to trends of a style". One is reminded of remarks by the eighteenth-century painter and critic Tsou I-kuei, to the effect that the much lauded literary attitude could be a cloak for sheer pictorial incompetence. But the Sung painters, even the most literary in posture, were far from rejecting the visible world as an ultimate inspiration.

Dr Bush gives a longish section of her book to an account of the ideas of Tung Yu, who was a fervid collector of the colophons of paintings. At bottom his position may not be so very different from Su Shih's, for he values naturalness, the sense of life in external nature, and is aware of emergent qualities in a composition ("The true nature of a horse is not seen in its parts but in a glimpse of the whole"), an aspect which comes in for little comment from the Chinese critic. But Tung Yu was something of a Taoist, and preferred pictures of historical subjects. As a further foil for the growth of the literary idea something more could perhaps be said of Han Cho, a critic whose vocabulary seems to attempt a combination of the peculiar psychological and spatial values which lie at the heart of





*Temple vase (Yüan, AD 1354) inscribed with a dedication to a Buddhist temple; and, restored from old fragments, an armchair of lacquered wood (Keyaki) with chased gilt copper mounts (eighth century AD).*

the landscape experimentation of the time.

Dr Bush shows unusual insight too in her treatment of the concept of *hsieh i*—"painting the idea". In the Ming period this was thought of as an aspect of style and execution, the *raccourci* and the deliberate awkwardness. The phrase is first seen in the eleventh century, but then it seemed to mean much the same as what is implied by *ch'ü*—flavour, interest. Later the expression was regularly used in contrast with a style of pictorial minuteness and accuracy, which must be despised. In this connexion the author challenges the importance attached to Buddhist ideas of the Ch'an kind by, among others, Nicole Vandier-Nicolas in her book on Mi Fu, refusing to see in *shên hui* ("spiritual insight" or even "communion with nature", and implying suddenness) a distinguishing feature of the Sung literary artists. In doing so she knocks away another prop of the Tung Ch'i-ch'ang philosophy, for his literary school—the "southern school"—was so named partly in allusion to a southern school of Buddhist meditation which opposed the notion of sudden enlightenment to the more gradual spiritual askesis proposed in north China.

It is characteristic of Dr Bush's synthesis of the Chinese aesthetic tradition that she speaks less of self-expression, in the manner of the later scholar-artists, and more of such qualities as the astringency of Sung painting and poetry. Careful as she is to correct the literary myth as Tung Ch'i-ch'ang and his circle created it, she perhaps fails to come to terms completely with some early notions which have to be reconciled with the literary attitude, and which they anticipate. Thus in the early fifth century Tsung Ping's subjectiveness, of Buddhist-Taoist colouring, could lead away from verisimilitude in painting; and the *ts'ü* spoken of by Hsieh Ho is here badly translated as "rough", for it has to do rather with the rapid manner which perfectly grasps essentials, and to that extent is an anticipation of what the literary men lauded. Dr Bush follows most ably in the steps of Nakamura Shigeo, whose recent treatment of the history of Chinese painting theory must become a classic. Her book will be indispensable to Western students of the subject, whether or not they have access to the Japanese work. Another aspect of the refurbishing of established ideas which is going on in Japan is reflected in the writings of Suzuki Kei, and it is surprising not to see his book on the Ch'an School among the books listed in Dr Bush's bibliography—nor does she mention Robert Maeda's recent translation of treatises by Tong Ch'un and Han Cho.

To say that we turn from the sublime to the ridiculous in *Sengai* is only to do justice to Daisetz Suzuki's subject, for the purpose of *haiga*, always imbued with Zen, is to enlighten through wit and humour. The author is none other than that tireless prelate of Zen, recently deceased at the age of ninety-five, who spent a lifetime teaching this anti-rational, whimsical, and allegedly most liberating extreme of Buddhism in East and West. The whimsical part is best recorded in painting, and best in Japan, where the brief irony and earthiness of the points it makes ally it closely to Japanese poetry in general and in particular to the *haiku*. This book is the most attractive and best documented (if Zen annotation can be called documentation) that has appeared on this subject. Sengai retired from the 123rd abbotship of the Shôfukji in 1811 and lived on in Kyushu for another twenty years making a great many of these paintings, which are a cultivated quintessence of the throw-away and ephemeral, but which their creator did not wish to see "used as wrapping paper". There is no standard which to judge this book, as it intends, and some will say it is stuff, and some, great humbug. there is no escaping the charm Suzuki's introduction. It is his book, written in his own English. The account of Sengai fact a brief chronicle of Zen how its masters may assert and simultaneously, how they com human love with detachment, *bihishiesha* (" and at the same ti is what Meister Eckhart calls geschiedenheit ").

In a note Herbert Read Sengai a transcendental humo thinking perhaps of God's trou dour, and compares his painting the works of Daumier for i fluidity of line and with the Ca *chos* of Goya for "his satir point of view and the switches of notations". Only Basil Gray in too brief observations puts Seng perspective as an artist, as bei Nanga painters who gravitated Kyushu and fed there on cont with China. He is certainly right insisting that Sengai must have b acquainted with Buson's late wo He points out that it was not u he was forty that Sengai withdr to Hakata, in Kyushu, where lived under his master Gesson Z from 1770 to 1783, a period w the most active artistic interest Zen was led by Yosa Buson and Ik no Taiga. A uniform Zen *haiga* m had in fact become well establis before Sengai, and, although scion of the Chinese tradition of painting, it was most distinctl Japanese, leading smoothly into manner of some hook illustrators the popular school.

The casual touch of Sengai's w is miraculous and writing and p torial forms conjugate more clos in the paintings than in Chin work, for all the Chinese talk of identity of writing and painti However much abstracted, the sh all retain something of the inti Japanese gaze at the trivia of rea The figures are animated Goya's. The bamboos, the lollop toad, the girl begging for a draw priests not more intelligent or sa than they need be, a crippled beg the lower orders in joyous abund all are memorable, and all fit anecdote to perfection. Suzuki's ning commentary touches on t things in heaven and earth wonders if the woodland w around Hakata commemorate Sen by inscriptions of his aphorism the inimitable script, as the He walks above Koyoto recall the ha of Tomioka Tessai, who a cen later recaptured much of Seng his paintings.

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# The pernicious myth of Revolution

**JEAN-FRANCOIS REVEL: Without Marx or Jesus**
The New American Revolution Has Begun
Translated by J. F. Bernard
269pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £2.50.

**GEORGE L. JACKSON: Blood in My Eye**
217pp. Cape. £1.95.

Revolution is surely the most pernicious myth of our time, as well as the most potent. All over the world men and women in search of hope cling to the belief that, in some sense, somehow, somewhere, revolution will erupt to transform, permanently and beneficially, the present monstrous conditions of life. That these conditions are in fact monstrous is indisputable; but the false myth of revolution acts in some cases as a narcotic, freeing its victims from any felt need to grapple with actuality as they dream of The Day; it drives others to feverish action, action which is equally misguided, for it is directed solely at bringing about revolution, and is equally indifferent to immediate improvements in social conditions. Meanwhile the enemy justify their crimes in the name of counter-revolution; and intelligent reformers have to waste their time vainly attempting to steal the mythic name of revolution for their commonsense programmes. And evil continues to fester.

These propositions are amply illustrated by the two books, both of which are obsessed with revolution, if in very different ways. Jean-François Revel is a deliciously funny writer, especially when France is his target. Here is how he sums up one of the commonest French fallacies about the United States:

FRIEND: Americans are both uncultivated and prudish.

REVEL: I beg your pardon. They read more than we do, and I have the sales figures to prove it.

FRIEND: That may be, but it's because most of the books they read are obscene.

Such is the flavour of *Without Marx or Jesus*. Beneath its surface glitter it is a sweeping account of the woes of the world and of the measures necessary to correct them. Unhappily it suffers at every turn from a fancied need to exploit the myth of revolution.

A spirited exchange with Mary McCarthy in the closing pages illustrates the point. According to M Revel there has only been one revolution, because only one has ever succeeded: the transformation of Western society that took place at the end of the eighteenth century. Miss McCarthy seeing the implications, comments tartly

I would say that his "revolution" is only a metaphor, a play on words . . . if one accepts Revel's definitions, the only successful revolution, up to now, has been the Industrial Revolution.

M Revel tries to evade this by asserting that

The whole purpose of my book is to re-examine the very concept of revolution. . . . The whole idea of opposition between reform and revolution, particularly, must be largely revised. What matters, in reality, is the ability *effectively to bring about change*. . . .

This is surely true, but it will not make M Revel's analysis any more attractive to the nihilistic devotees of the revolutionary myth. They will dismiss him as, at best, a revisionist; they will see his attempts to appreciate the concept of revolution as an impertinence. On the other hand, Fabians and liberals, while delighting in M Revel's wit and intelligence, will discount his thesis of revolution as unnecessary.

At least the book should encourage liberals to persist in the hard rows they hoe. Of these perhaps the hardest is prison reform, and perhaps it is harder in the United States than anywhere else in the West. It is impossible to reflect on the life in prison of George Jackson without indignation, especially as his horrible story is all too typical of the US penal system. Similar cases will be found by the dozen in almost every state. Jackson was once charged with a $70 theft. On his lawyer's advice he pleaded guilty, and was given an indeterminate sentence—which meant that he spent the rest of his life (eleven years) in jail. Resourceful intelligent and high-spirited, he resisted and despite brutal conditions—conditions such as led to the Attica rising—got enough education to write his famous *Soledad Brother*, which told the world the story of his wrongs. It was a great success, but it did him no good: eventually he was killed, in the usual way, by prison guards, with no independent witnesses.

*Blood In My Eye* occupied him during his last months. Intellectually it is quite worthless, full of bad history, bad logic and bad feeling; repetitious, ill-constructed, linguistically vacuous. As a document, showing how American prisons destroyed one man, soul, mind and body, it is invaluable. Shut off from all personal hope—fully expecting his coming murder—Jackson, in these pages, takes refuge in ecstatic fantasies about the emergence of the Black Panthers as an urban guerrilla army, gloating on the thought of imminent civil war. For him the myth of revolution is a dream of the freedom and revenge he is never to enjoy.

Unfortunately he infected his teenage brother Jonathan with his delusions. The most painful reading in *Blood In My Eye* is Jonathan's letters, extensively quoted, which dwell on assassination, street warfare and secret organization with adolescent enthusiasm and no sense of reality at all:

The fierce and beautiful Cong shoot down a couple dozen of the very biggest and best 'copters Yankee invention can produce every week. . . . How would they have felt (the pigs and the people) if the nameless, faceless, lightning-swift soldier of the people could have reached up, twisted the tail of their $200,000 death bird, and hurled it into the streets, broken, ablaze!

Imagine what Nixon's armoured car would look like if I stepped out of the alley and hit it with the anti-tank rocket launcher under my coat—a ball of fire.

It never seems to have occurred to George Jackson that he ought to have held Jonathan back from the action until he had grown up a little. The outcome was the boy's mad attempt to kidnap a judge, which took his own and many other lives, and, as everyone knows, nearly destroyed Angela Davis.

George Jackson and the myth of revolution were in part to blame; but the ultimate villain was the American prison, that embodiment of merciless class, racial and individual oppression. No American reformer deserves the name who is not prepared to trent the penal problem as one of the highest urgency.

# Change at Chatham House

**ROGER MORGAN (Editor): The Study of International Affairs**
Essays in Honour of Kenneth Younger
309pp. Oxford University Press for the Royal Institute of International Affairs. £5.

The occasion of Roger Morgan's "stocktaking" book, to use his own description of it, is the near coincidence of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Institute of International Affairs with the retirement of its Director, Kenneth Younger. The outcome is a frank and valuable exercise in self-criticism. A dozen or so authors, all accustomed to working with or for the Institute, have surveyed their specialized fields with common terms of reference, to which they have mostly adhered with a self-denying discipline. The form of most of the essays is roughly similar: it is to examine what Chatham House has itself done in each particular field; then in broad terms what other scholarly work has been done; and finally what needs to be done, or at least what kind of approach should be adopted in future. Where there are significant lacunae, the general conclusion is that the field is too vast to justify any reasonable expectation that it should have been completely covered. On the other hand, very little is said about important areas of historical study in which Chatham House exposed itself to severe criticism a generation ago, such as Appeasement and Palestine.

The omissions point to a notable change of direction in the Institute's style of scholarship. It used to treat international affairs as if they were simply an aggregate of national affairs, leading to an historical account of their impact on each other. This was a natural consequence of the fact that the original experts in the new field of study, established only half a century ago, were historians and specialists in the affairs of particular countries, or of self-contained areas like the Balkans or the Middle East or Latin America. A great many valuable studies were produced in this way, country by country or region by region. The only synoptic view of international relations in their totality was the annual *Survey*, which eventually grew beyond the capacity of a single author and ceased to fit naturally within the compass of an annual format. This reflected that history was ceasing to be the only discipline relevant to international studies. In an introductory essay to the present volume, Andrew Shonfield, the new Director, draws attention to the other disciplines which have intruded into the field: economics, sociology, law, strategy, psychology, systems-analysis and so on. It is no wonder that important gaps remain.

Mr Shonfield also emphasizes "the overwhelming importance of the choice of a particular explanatory model within which the particular scholar casts his data and looks for a coherent pattern of behaviour". He is borne out by a number of examples from the other essays. Bruce Miller points to the influence on accounts of Commonwealth relationships exercised by "cosy analogies", such as the family. Hugh Tinker argues that some of the reality of Asian politics has been missed by a reluctance to recognize the significance of military rule, as though ignoring it "was doing one's bit to make it go away". Other distortions have arisen from misconceptions of the American role in the Far East and of the essential motives for the unification of Western Europe. In both the last two cases the alternative models, offered by John Gittings and Roy Pryce respectively, may be seriously questioned. But the point is that alternative models are possible. What has come to be accepted as the traditional orthodoxy is more or less accidental. The basis of the accident has been the choice of particular scholars to work for Chatham House. Even though the Institute disclaims responsibility for their viewpoints, the habits of thought of the old guard have long been recognizable in the process of choice. But in recent years a changing of the guard has been taking place.

Evidence of it can be seen in many of the essays in this book. The new Director was himself formerly chairman of the Social Sciences Research Council; the vice-chairman of the Institute's Council is a professor of military studies; the Director of Studies is an international lawyer; new-fangled subjects like games theory and "futurology" are now established in the Chatham House canon. But while the writers' range of interests is healthily wide, they candidly admit that the range of work actually achieved under the auspices of the Institute is still limited. Rosalyn Higgins deplores the relative poverty of British work in the field of international law. Both she and Susan Strange, in the field of international economics, point to the barriers which circumscribe their subjects: on consecutive pages the one calls for more "inter-disciplinary cooperation" and the other for "radical desegregation". Professor Miller on the Commonwealth and Professor Tinker on southern Asia both deplore the survival of a quasi-colonialist or at any rate paternalist attitude to their fields of study in this country. D. C. Watt very frankly admits the shortcomings of the *Survey of International Affairs* and its accompanying volumes of *Documents*. All the contributors, and especially Dr Morgan himself in the final essay, draw attention to the important work to be done in the future.

Dr Morgan picks out four aspects of the present situation which he thinks will remain important. They are, first, the progressive integration of strategic studies into the general conspectus of international studies; second, the declining emphasis on quantification; thirdly, the growing interest in "futurological" or predictive models; fourthly, the sense of a need for theoreticians to descend from the abstract to the real world. He even foresees a time when scholars may be able "to explain the nature of the real world in such a way that the practitioners of foreign policy are more likely to make the right decisions". Then, indeed, the study of international affairs will have become a science. It may still be a long way off, but certainly the new look embodied in this vigorous collection of essays promises an encouraging future for Chatham House.

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# Political characters and literary characters

**MALCOLM BROWN :**
**The Politics of Irish Literature**
From Thomas Davis to W. B. Yeats
431pp, Allen and Unwin. £6.75.

**CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN :**
**The Suspecting Glance**
91pp. Faber and Faber. £2.

Malcolm Brown's official theme is the relation between Irish literature and Irish politics : more specifically, the relation between the Irish literary revival at the end of the nineteenth century and the political history of Ireland from Young Ireland to the death of Parnell. He is mainly concerned to provide a context in which such writers as O'Grady, Yeats, Joyce, Hyde, and Lady Gregory can be understood. His idea is that the reader of these writers ought to know a good deal about the major political figures and events from *The Nation* (1842) to Parnell's death (1891). Those decades are presented in some detail : the period from 1798 to 1842 is merely sketched.

The context is treated somewhat narrowly in political terms: it is assumed that the essential history of Ireland in the nineteenth century is a record of legislation, disputes of party, plots of revolution, rancour between one politician and another. Except for the Famine, the social history of Ireland is treated as a minor consideration. Mr Brown evidently believes that the drama of Irish history should be presented descriptively, as an account of the chief characters, their motives, success and failure. In the terminology of drama, he is a character-critic. He does not try very hard to sense the ordinary lives of people who lived in the shadow of the major figures ; or to register the texture of daily life between one crisis and the next.

It is clear that Mr Brown has done a lot of homework on his subject : equally clear that he speaks the language of Irish politics as an acquired tongue. He is not an elegant writer : many of his sentences appear to have been achieved by force of will rather than by cooperating with nature. "Internecine feuds sprouted like fungi out of Irish demoralization." Even in paraphrase, he is insecure. He has a habit of quoting phrases so far out of context that even their original use is compromised. Yeats's reference to "sweet laughing eagle thoughts" is applied to Lord Palmerston, solely on the ground that he was "a great Ascendancy landlord".

Many of Mr Brown's quotations are so inaccurate that they appear the result of memory rather than transcription : page 360, for instance, has five textual errors. On matters of judgment, he is daring, especially where the evidence is slight. Reading "a couple of startling letters from Yeats to O'Leary dated July, 1892", he makes them more startling than credible by interpreting them as evidence of a "political adventure"; Yeats's reference to "the revolt of the soul against the intellect" is described as "military". A reader less determined to be startled would interpret these letters as bearing upon nothing more military than the Irish Literary Society and the problem of starting the New Irish Library. When O'Leary told Yeats that MacGregor Mathers "might be useful", he probably meant "useful in furthering the sale of our books". Yeats's letters to O'Leary at that time are full of the project of the Library : his reference to Mathers's letter about "the question of organization" is no more sinister than his saying, a few months earlier, "Miss Gonne will get her French organization to take a certain number on the same understanding". The facts will be much clearer when the inclusive edition of Yeats's correspondence is published : meanwhile, no respectable purpose is served by jumping to startling conclusions. Mr Brown's book is likely to be found useful as a "background" study, so far as it goes, but its foreground arguments should be received more cautiously.

Conor Cruise O'Brien's book is the text of the T. S. Eliot Memorial Lectures given at the University of Kent in November 1969, under the controlling title *Imagination and Order*. The revised title, taken from Thomas Common's translation of Nietzsche, has the effect of making the lectures a more specifically political act. The suspecting glance is indeed ascribed to the writers discussed, but more particularly its validity is proffered to the reader; this is the attitude which he, too, should adopt, when the rhetorical force of politics is present. It is the lecturer's attitude, to begin with ; the lectures are exercises in the demonstration of that attitude. This perhaps explains why Dr O'Brien is more interested in the available attitudes to Machiavelli, Burke, Nietzsche, and Yeats than in those writers themselves or their intrinsic qualities. The relations declared to obtain between the four writers are often factitious: to find the virtue of suspicion in each is not, after all, to find very much.

Suspicion is Dr O'Brien's name for what more specifically literary critics call "irony", an inclination to resist any official rhetoric, including one's own. His approach to a writer often takes the form of reciting one of the commonplaces about his work and surrounding it with enough qualification to redeem it or dispose of it. The simplest example arises in the lecture on Machiavelli.

Dr O'Brien mentions "the well founded claim that Machiavelli is the father of political science". Then the suspecting glance falls upon the commonplace, and a new version appears : "he was a funny kind of father, for a funny kind of science". This is charming, and the details are interesting, but in this lecture Dr O'Brien withdraws the suspecting glance from his own rhetoric. Near the end, whipping themes up for a strong curtain-line, he speaks of Machiavelli's "intelligence" and his "imagined order", but he does not scrutinize the quality of that intelligence, or the form of that order. Commenting on "the victory of imaginative intelligence over brute matter", he says that Machiavelli "gave expression to the passionate need for that victory". The next sentence draws the moral, "our own age, in the shadow of the apocalypse, knows that victory as the alternative to the disappearance of the species". This merely confounds the issue : anyone may subscribe to that "victory" without agreeing that it will take anything like the form of Machiavelli's order. The insecurity of Dr O'Brien's rhetoric is evident in the last moments of the lecture. He praises "the courage, the creative imagination, and the candour which Machiavelli so dazzlingly exemplified" : however, "the point is approaching where we can no longer afford his little bag of tricks". For lecturer, with his own little bag of tricks. If "we need" the virtues exemplified by Machiavelli, perhaps we should seek them in a purer source.

In the remaining O'Brien describes the rounding Nietzsche, Burke an Irishman, only a... away from being an Irishman Nietzsche is read as a... semitic, anti-Christian... hardly read at all; Burke... is a bit of a mess, long... short measure. Cole... writers to the stage a... Dr O'Brien says that... believe most firmly in... of what Christians call... but none of them I think... grace". Well, yes, but... believes in the grace... believes in "order"... natural law. Nietzsche... Yeats in imagination.

"The study of literature... science". Dr O'Brien s... page of his book. Read... in that sentence an explo... curious fact that Dr O'Br... or nothing to say of h... terms of language. Re... only with attitudes, not... ginage in which those... embodied or qualified. E... the impression, in this b... esting himself in literature... store of political attitudes... have the attitudes neat... words, he would settle f... many. He has a powerful... he writes with verve, b... though he had his mind'... practical object which o... for the slow deliberation... So he engages with writ... ments rather than as... there is work to be done... persuade, a Prime Min... tion, a public world to be... with suspicion. Meanwh... lives by its own clock, o... imagination, language a...

# Crisis in German Studies

**MALCOLM PASLEY (Editor) :**
**Germany**
678pp. Methuen. £4.90.

This replacement for Jethro Bithell's prewar "Companion to German Studies" appears at a time which Germanists everywhere should regard as critical. It is bound to look like this in Germany, where German as an academic subject has been rudely shaken by students calling its basic assumptions to account. There its problem has been to survive a storm, and this can be a bracing experience. Here it sails in more sheltered waters, with the danger of becoming becalmed without realizing it, drifting in its own way towards a crisis of relevance.

Symptomatic are signs of the diminishing appeal of traditional German studies at universities, and the attraction of more goal-orientated derivatives which, making less literary demands and more concerned with the merely contemporary, appear to promise more practical rewards and, rightly or wrongly, a better understanding of the modern world. The question is whether German in this country, institutionalized in departments of "language and literature", is yet taking a sufficiently critical look at what it is doing, and it is this that makes the appearance of a volume claiming such authority as *Germany* of special interest and significance. It has much to offer both the student and the general reader, for whom it is intended, and it raises some important issues.

In its nineteenth-century origins in Germany, *Germanistik* was a unified and unifying subject. It is not alone in suffering fragmentation. As Malcolm Pasley says, one thing that is now wrong is the "blinkered approach to the separate aspects of German studies". To counter this, *Germany* is arranged in the following way. A central part comprises substantial chapters—assigned to individual specialists—on history from the tenth century, on philosophy from the eighteenth (though this is not as remote from social and political realities as the chapter on the "idealists and their successors" makes it seem—these some more into their own in the post-Nietzschean account), and on literature from its beginnings. This is preceded by a chapter on language (generous on the historical aspects, reticent on the modern development of the language under the influence of ideology, propaganda, advertising and the media), and another on institutions (post-1945 only, and a bit behind the times on the present situation in universities). There follows a chapter covering the history of music. There are useful supporting maps and tables.

But, since each section operates more or less independently, this does not necessarily make for a unified result. History is compartmentalized as history, literature as literature, and philosophy as philosophy. This would be unexceptionable in a handbook of information. In a sense this is how this volume might be described, since the individual contributors offer summary accounts of the kind usually found in textbooks and encyclopedias. However, apart from its interrelating function, it makes larger claims. One is to deal with the "main fields" of German studies. Without theoretical clarification on the principle of selection, this begs the question of definition. If music, for example, is to be one of them, why not then architecture and painting, the film and the press, to name a few of the missing possibilities ? If the history of Germany, why not its sociology ?

Another claim is to present the authentic evolution of literature ; and here also too much, or too little, is taken for granted. The result includes the following features. The literature of the seventeenth century figures only briefly and episodically, filling in the gap between the Middle Ages and the point at which "the stage is set for Goethe" (with "the classics of German literature" then restricted to works produced in the context of Weimar). In the nineteenth century the important line of political development in literature through figures like Forster, Gervinus and Weerth is neglected. The exponents of the social novel (Immermann, Spielhagen, etc) are for the most part passed over in the literary chapters ; like *Heimatkunst* its existence is more adequately acknowledged under the heading of "history". There is just a little about literature under National Socialism, but hardly a word about its representative writers and what they produced. East German literature as such is hardly discussed. Missing is the whole area conventionally labelled *Trivialliteratur*, though it is coming more and more to be acknowledged as integral to any adequate description of literature.

These examples illustrate the extent to which this picture of German literature could be regarded as arbitrary and out of balance. There are two main reasons for this. One is the disproportionate limitation of literature to belles-lettres ; beyond this even, the central parts of the literary account bow to the criterion of literature as a "realm with its own inner laws and freedoms", endowed with an "inherent development of its own". The other is epitomized in the editorial reference to the "essential pattern of literary development", the existence of which, however, is now less than ever self-evident.

No book on German studies designed to be used as a work of reference can be without a bibliography itself as up-to-date quite so content to ... values as self justifying from suggests itself when moved out of the kind which originally valid we have not moved which, with more ... experience of culture ... makes them too easily ... cliché assumptions in ... of reassessment. This is ... that different assumptions ... nature of literature and ... society could produce ... sults, and *Germany* ... amongst other things ... curiosity about what ...

# No mere mechanic

**DANIEL DEFOE :**
**Robinson Crusoe**
Edited with an introduction by J. Donald Crowley.
316pp. Oxford University Press. £2.50.

This admirable addition to the Oxford English Novels series is, as one would expect, bibliographically impeccable and a handsomely made book into the bargain. If "bargain" is the right word to use of a *Robinson Crusoe* at this price. J. Donald Crowley has picked his way with fine circumspection through the textual difficulties that abound in Defoe. The present text is based on a copy of the first edition in the Bodleian Library ; but all seven editions published in Defoe's lifetime (with, for good measure, the eighth of 1736) have been collated. This tremendous labour was necessary in order to determine what alterations—some 14,000 altogether —might be regarded as authorial. The editor's findings are negative, namely that "no internal or external evidence appeared to support that these changes are authorial". Wisely, a sampling only of these changes is given in the textual notes at the end of the book.

The present text, retaining Defoe's capitalization and italicization, is entirely readable ; it also makes plain the essence of Defoe's style, "a spoken one, responding to the varying rhythms of speech rather than to the requirements of typographical regularity which the modern reader is accustomed to". All in all, therefore, this edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, incorporating the most thorough research into the texts of the novel, must henceforth be regarded as standard.

As is usual in the Oxford English Novels series, the Oxford *Robinson Crusoe* contains an editor's introduction, a select bibliography, a chronology of the author, and (besides the textual notes already referred to), explanatory notes. This *Robinson Crusoe* also reproduces the map of the world from the fourth edition of 1719, showing Robinson Crusoe's voyages and "R. Crusoe's I" at the mouth of the "R. Oronoque". The chronology is based upon that in John Robert Moore's *Daniel Defoe : Citizen of the Modern World* ; the explanatory notes "follow those made by the late Professor W. P. Trent", and are exceptionally useful.

In the introduction, written with lucidity and grace, Professor Crowley examines *Robinson* ... publishing history, and ... reputation in the two ... a half since its first appe... looks steadily at the vario... which it is read today ... of economic man (an ... development of the ... (E. M. W. Tillyard), as ... biography (G. A. Starr) ... atic in the seventeenth-c... an allegorical tradition ... Hunter). He looks unbli... the many lapses in *Robin*... and dates to account the... and he refuses to make ... exclusive claims for the book.

The realistic and the ... dimensions of language ... was able to put together ... the later currents of ... wonder so that what ... *Robinson Crusoe* is a mi... which those elements confli... Professor Crowley makes ... Robinson Crusoe "is pro... pling simultaneously ... present, and future and ... story he tries to tell ... struggle of consciousness ... it is a story of the physical ... to be overcome by an ... mechanic". This makes ... complexity of the book ... plains why it remains as ... today as it was in 1719.



# Right, left and centre

**MAURICE EDELMAN :**
**Disraeli in Love**
159pp. Collins. £2.

"The Conservative Party" so the young Disraeli remarks in one of the tragey bits of dialogue that particularly suit Maurice Edelman's new novel—"will have to discard its pragmatism before long and turn to precise principle he has in mind. Yet the hero is no cynic. Disraeli, as Mr Edelman sees him, is caught between conflicting romantic impulses much in the spirit of the time, the passionate lover and the man of destiny. He deals with the horns of his dilemma by a kind of merger, and the novel extracts some agreeable fun from the situation as the Dizzy destiny makes early dispositions and investments.

We first meet the aspiring hero in slowed-down Feydeau-type scene, tipping a married woman visitor is beneficiaress Mrs Austin-out through a back room while knocks thunder at the front ; he is tiring of her anyway, and half-welcomes the interruption even though it is the duns who are at the door. We leave him a few years later, giving the fashionable equivalent of a wolf-whistle to another married woman Mrs Wyndham Lewis, destined to become his wife who duly responds from the steps of her, or her sick husband's, expensive London house.

Since they are still in the pragmatical era, this farewell and hail are perfectly consistent. The ambitious young man has to make his way in the world, the best of all possible worlds, and that comes expensive. Also he is much in need of emotional one can hardly say moral support. Though safely in Parliament at the time of that closing encounter at Grosvenor Gate, Disraeli has recently caught the Speaker's eye with less promising results. He has just made his famous, apparently disastrous maiden speech, a splendidly melodramatic scene no novelist, and least of all Mr Edelman, could fail to drive home to the hilt if not beyond. But just as his hero needs all the consolation, so Mr Edelman needs all the actuality he can get: the elaborate London backgrounds, vividly if sketchily done, give the impression of a period *Who's Who* and *What's On* rolled into one in order to make some show of validating the novel's centrepiece, the affair with Henrietta Sykes.

In a sense, Dizzy asked for it. In his own early novel *Henrietta Temple* the heroine starts poor but ends up an unexpected heiress, thus providing the hero with innocent love and money at a stroke. Virtue and pragmatism all go hand in hand. The real-life Henrietta, or Mr Edelman's version of her, is at once less and more accommodating. There is a nice farcical touch about their first clinch, with the dandified Dizzy taking far longer to undress than the lady. After this promising start it deteriorates somewhat : She loved him his ardent body, his skin that became paler, his eyes darker, when he held her with an insolent familiarity that she craved and that had turned from an indulgence into an obsession"), though there are still stich inspired moments as when he punctuates his lovemaking with pulls at his hookah. But when she plays him false ("Henrietta! Henrietta whom he had loved, and for whom he once would have forsworn the world . . .") he is half glad the thing is over. And so, it has to be confessed, are we.

For the fact is, whatever the author's intentions, only the comic and theatrical aspects of the book are secure. Not for even the briefest session can he maintain any convincing private emotional programme for his hero. The world this novel deals with is more public than a bedroom ; not necessarily more serious, though bigger—the size of a salon, or of a stage, or perhaps of the Commons House itself.

# Bloody weapons

**JOYCE CAROL OATES :**
**Wonderland**
508pp. Gollancz. £2 10.

Virtually any page taken at random from Joyce Carol Oates's new novel would almost certainly put the majority of readers of this journal off exploring further. Which is perhaps a harsh-sounding comment as well as a rash one. But the ingredients of *Wonderland* appear at first glance to be calculated to appeal to what may be crudely called the sensationmongering American market, the *Kildare-Peyton Place*-O'Hara world where blood, professional rivalry, motel sex and hospital horror combine to stimulate a vicariously exciting existence. And the italicized intensity passages, the use of subheadings such as "the finite passing of an infinite passion", and the liberal sprinkling of trailing rows of . . . . must reinforce the impression that Miss Oates's 500 pages will be an over-rich and very American meal. Yet wade through the gore and guts and passion the suspicious English reader should, it only because this is possibly the nearest thing yet to an impressionistic exposure of what is wrong with American society today. It is no accidental or gratuitous manoeuvre for Miss Oates to describe the hysteria on the day of the first Kennedy assassination. *Wonderland* is perhaps the pursuit of the phantasmagoria of personality" ; it is also the nightmare distortion of Alice with "the long, long neck and the straggly hair and the wild, enlarged eyes, the girl reduced to the size of a mouse, sailing through the air dragged by the red queen's hand, sitting at the end of a banquet table while legs of mutton waddled down towards her to eat her". This, towards the end of the life-story of Jesse Harte/Pedersen/Vogel, is how his teenage daughter Shelley remembers her first panic need to figure out who her father is. Now, sixteen, the rejected Shelley is suffering the same bewildered visions of fantasy-reality confusion—is drugland, with its blood and desperation, the real world, or can she be helped to retrieve her hold on he society her father has so painfully forced himself to accept ?

To return to Jesse himself, the everyman victim, perhaps, of American history. The Depression drives his father insane, and in the first chapter he is brought home from school to see mass slaughter on the kitchen floor, to survive and steel himself to accept old grandpa's misanthropic hospitality. From the orphanage he is adopted by a grotesque family, the food-obsessed and brilliant Pedersens, rich on the pickings of faith-healing. And, as it turns out, very nearly as crazed as his natural family : the one savagely funny passage in Miss Oates's novel is the contest of freaks, where miserable fat Hilde Pedersen, a mathematical prodigy, beats the wheelchair cripple but turns on her monstrous dad. Mrs Pedersen's alcoholism is the saving of Jesse he is rejected for sympathizing, and when we meet him again has become the dedicated Dr Vogel.

But even Jesse, the survivor, approaches the brink of this bloody hell in a frenetic scene of self-mutilation, bleeding like St Sebastian from razor cuts to subdue his lust for a weird seductress in an artists' colony. Whether Miss Oates wants us to conclude that Jesse's glimpse has enabled him to rescue his daughter, in the final horrific scenes of dropout madness, from a similar death wish or whether the control ("how he loved this control, this certainty!") is bought at the price of shunning reality, the reader must be left to guess.

What is very clear is that Miss Oates, tracing the savagery and brutality and the fragile veneer of civilized control which is American society, feels that horror is the only honest weapon left to the committed novelist. Argue as we may about the effects of media violence, and the justifiability of so much blood, her purpose is evidently to alert us to danger and damnation. Although no doubt she will be read with some sadistic satisfaction by too many of us, we are not, after reading *Wonderland*, quite so vulnerable to the Manson ideology of "Passion is the only destiny".

# Semi-spy

**NICHOLAS WOLLASTON :**
**The Tale Bearer**
223pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2.

The "tale-bearer" of Nicholas Wollaston's title has its origin in the Old Testament. "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer." But his difficulty lies in deciding who his people are. Alec Villiers, the narrator, is a fortyish English novelist pitchforked into an espionage situation he doesn't understand, but from which he derives a substantial income. Introduced to Selim, an international playboy of upper-class Palestinian Arab provenance and revolutionary disposition, Villiers finds himself on a plane to Jerusalem with instructions to radio details of the Israeli war effort back to Paris while appearing to be a fortyish English novelist collecting material for a book. In no time at all he is drinking Carmel brandy with the father of his London-based Jewish mistress (a major in the Israeli army) and shadow-fencing with Yankov, Selim's Israeli opposite number.

Not a very trustworthy fellow, Villiers. Politically, he is the uncommitted man in a situation taut with commitment—in Greenean parlance, a Comedian—and he profits from the commitment of others. His private life is equally equivocal. Drora, his mistress, comes to him from his brother-in-law (and publishers) Maurice, and Villiers smiles complacently while she makes breakfast in his wife's kitchen in his wife's dressing-gown. And yet he is disarming too, with an endearing Chandlerian cynicism. Like Chandler's Marlowe, he knows a bit about poetry and things of that sort, and has a sharp ear for the *luchrimae rerum*—a city asleep, the ghost of Christ in the Via Dolorosa where he takes his sardonic twentieth-century existentialism for its fate-night walk.

The story itself is not remarkable for its originality. (There is an echo of *Our Man in Havana* in the fictitious intelligence reports that come true.) This is our old friend the sophisticated spy novel, but just beneath the glossy surface—the woodcock *flambé*, the kümmel, and the knowing itemization of the latest in firearms—there is a sensitivity to the realities of life in the Middle East, a historical sense at the same time sympathetic and disillusioned. Selim has no doubts about the justice of his cause : "We are atoning for the guilt of Europe." And Aaron, the Israeli major, is equally sure : "They're living in a dream. They can't wake up, they can't see out. Both sides are in the right and we know it but they don't." Which is perhaps closer to Villiers's own position. As a thriller it isn't exactly gripping, but it has character.

# Living free

**JAMIE MANDELKAU :**
**Harmony Farm**
144pp. Open Gate Books. £2 10.

*Harmony Farm* is a first novel by the author of *Buttons, The Making of a President*. President, that is, of the London Chapter of the Hell's Angels. Jamie Mandelkau has also written extensively for the underground press and spent a lot of time in California, so his credentials as a commentator on the international Alternative Society scene must be presumed to be impeccable. But, for those who might be put off by this introduction, let us hasten to say that *Harmony Farm* isn't at all a bad piece of work.

"All over the world", the blurb informs us, "there is an ever increasing movement to get out of the cities." Kelly and Angie, the young couple whose attempt to make it in a rural idyll forms the basis of the story, are city-born (New York) and city-bred. Tired of the urban grind in both its "straight" and underground manifestations, they've got themselves a little farm near Johnstontown, off the beaten track somewhere in the American South-West, where their son Baby James need never see, at least until he's older, "the six-lane killer freeways".

Here they live in a condition of fairy-tale happiness, growing their own and asking for nothing beyond the satisfaction of the simplest needs. "They could never say 'this land is ours' and truthfully mean it. The land was as much a living organism as they." They have no television, read no newspapers. They cultivate their garden and the open, uncomplicated friendship of their neighbours, the lewnstoffs, of Johnstontown. Or fairly uncomplicated. On arrival, Kelly and Angie were considered "hippies": long hair, gentle ways, vegetarian habits, and so on. There's a funny chapter early in the book where Kelly, much to the delight of the local rednecks, decides to get his hair cut, and this traumatic experience represents his initiation into conventional Johnstontown society. But the idyll is short-lived. While the nation, Johnstontown included, watches the Manson trial on television, feeling grows against anything tainted with hippiedom. It is discovered that Angie gets books on magic sent to her from New York, a child drowns in ambiguous circumstances, a preacher rants against the evil that is abroad, and the hunt is on.

There is an agreeable *faux-naïveté* in the description of Kelly's mild way of life—so agreeable, in fact, that one scarcely begrudges Mr Mandelkau the apparent absence of irony when he fills in the economic background : "It had not been difficult for Kelly and Angie to settle down to life on the land. Kelly's parents died when he was young, leaving him a small legacy. . . . Angie wrote to her mother, *a society matron*, who eagerly set up a trust fund for her godson . . ." (reviewer's italics). One is left with the suspicion that, had it been more difficult, the outcome might have been more humanly recognizable, less fancifully contrived, and *Harmony Farm* a more interesting book than, timidly, it is. But there is charm there, as well as self-indulgence.

Fiction:
**George V. Higgins**
**The Friends of Eddie Coyle**
"Raw slice-of-criminal-life authenticity . . . such a powerful novel . . . brilliant job . . . one to put beside the best American tough writing of the last 40 years" Julian Symons, *Sunday Times*. "The best newcomer in years to the American 'tough' school of writing" Michael Maxwell Scott, *Daily Telegraph*. £1.95

**J. L. Carr**
**The Harpole Report**
"There is no denying the pleasure to be had from Harpole's encounters with the local education committee and its officers, a grotesquely farcical collection of parents and children"—Kenn Stitt, *New Statesman*. "A very funny book" —David Holloway, *Daily Telegraph*. £1.75

General:
**Lionel Tiger & Robin Fox**
**The Imperial Animal**
"An unusually sensible, balanced and illuminating book about the role of biology in the process of human social life" —A. S. Byatt, *The Times*. "Explodes a bomb of sanity and reason . . . This should be the first book to convince the unconvincible concerning the animal nature of man and society"—Robert Ardrey. £2.50

**David Spanier**
**Europe, Our Europe**
The inside story of Britain's Common Market negotiations. "Perceptive, good-humoured and admirably clear account" —*The Times*. £1.95

Secker & Warburg

# The political nerve of Little Johnny

**JOHN PREST:**
**Lord John Russell**
558pp. Macmillan. £5·95.

Many tangled problems in the history of mid-nineteenth-century England are unravelled in John Prest's excellent life of Lord John Russell. "My family", as Lord John's relative the present Duke of Bedford puts it, "have always thought themselves slightly grander than God", so he had always to be best at everything; but he was not luckily born. He was his father's third son, and so not likely to succeed to the dukedom; he was a seven-months' child, and physically slight as a result. His full-grown height was just under five feet five much taller than Queen Victoria, but much shorter than almost all the other people he met in politics. Politics was the career to which, as a Russell, he naturally turned. But to be generally known as "Little Johnny" was a handicap for one who meant to be a leader of men; and his gifts for management and conciliation were slight.

He was born in 1792, before England entered the great war against revolutionary France; despite his frailty, "it is not easy to say exactly what he suffered from. There is no record of dangerous illness in his whole life"; and he died quietly in 1878, after having twice been prime minister. As an old man, he looked after his grandson, Bertrand, who became his heir. The old man was fond of telling the boy of his visit to the Emperor Napoleon at Elba, when the visitor discussed the Russell family: "when he stopped, Napoleon got up, and without a word, went over to the corner of the room and relieved himself against the wall". So those who have listened to the modern philosopher have been at only two removes from the tyrant of a former time; whose life, said Lord John, "would stand in history like an isthmus between two great ages, and not less memorable than either of them".

Yet there is far more in this book than such antiquarian fantasies. Mr Prest combines, to an unusual degree, an historian's insight with a biographer's sympathy: having got right inside his period, he can understand his subject better, and his understanding of his subject deepens his and our appreciation of the period. Why, for example, did Lord John never apply his talents and his popularity to the factory question, which was so intense and so important in the 1830s and 1840s? Because Lord Ashley (later Lord Shaftesbury) had cut him out with Lady Emily Cowper. "Shaftesbury, who had been preferred, could condescend a little to Lord John, and treat his lack of commitment to the factory cause more leniently than he did Peel's." Lord John believed, as he once told his Cabinet, that "it was the duty of government to apply a great remedy to a great evil at all risk to themselves"; one of those simple, profound whiggish doctrines that have gone out of fashion with the arrival of mass parties and their members at Westminster to the country's loss, if not to the politicians'.

Some of the responsibility for mass parties can be laid at Lord John's door. It was he not yet in the Cabinet who originally introduced the Great Reform Bill into the Commons in 1831, speaking for two hours to a crowded and astonished House: "It was a ludicrous spectacle", said a later commentator, "to see members lying back in disgust, not knowing whether to be amused or enraged, while 'a little fellow, not weighing above eight stone' solemnly pronounced the doom of the ancient boroughs for which they sat." That Bill's second reading passed by one vote; and the Government, beaten by eight in committee, dissolved. Lord John stood for Devonshire, where a famous story arose: "The rustics were surprised that the principal agent in bringing forward the Reform Bill was a very small man:

> My dear friends [Sydney Smith said], before his Reform agitation commenced Lord John was over six feet high. But, engaged in looking after your interests, fighting the peers, the landlords, and the rest of your natural enemies, he has been so constantly kept in hot water that he is boiled down to the proportions in which you now behold him.

It is with the reform triumph of 1832 that Lord John's name is mainly connected in folk memory; but this new life of him finds another aspect of his work in the same decade more creditable still.

It is the glory of Lord John Russell's career that, in the 1830s, he tried to give the Irish what they had been promised at the union, and what, even without any promise, might have been called natural justice.

The green and orange strands in the cord from which the coat of English history is woven were even more prominent in Lord John's day than in our own. In his main years as prime minister, 1846 to 1852, he was laden with responsibility for the dreadful aftermath of the famine.

As first minister, he was too wayward, paradoxical, jealous, unorganized to be in unqualified success, even in quiet times. He had no gift for handling paper, and did not attract an adequate secretary. He lived out at Pembroke Lodge in Richmond Park, a house the Queen had to provide for him, as he was comparatively poor himself and his brother failed to do what was expected of him. This incident did not endear him to the court, where he was already quite unjustly suspected of being too radical.

Life at Pembroke Lodge gave Lord John the rest he needed, but at the price of finally cutting him off from his supporters. . . . The rank and file continued to feel that no notice was ever taken of them.

He was vain, untidy, unmethodical; most important, among the political arts he failed to cultivate, was the vital one of knowing when to stop.

When the ministry fell Lord John was nearly sixty, and he should have retired. . . . But he was understandably reluctant to hand the party over to Palmerston, and he dug his heels in over to him, behaved as though he had a divine right to go on leading the party, and rounded angrily on any former colleague whose loyalty was not unconditional. The result was that before he died Lord John had thrown away a great reputation, and destroyed in such a way that no one has been able to restore it since.

Not even Mr Prest can make from the conclusion to Lord Manchester's *Aberdeen* (1935) a capably led, that during the Crimean War he was an intolerable colleague. And later, "nobody who knew him could raise Lord John in the estimation of posterity will dwell for long on his tenure of the foreign office, 1859 to 1865", when he chose to serve under his old friend Palmerston, his eight years as prime minister after Peel's death did him little credit; as Lord Clarendon once said, "He may have faults, and has committed errors, but [he] is honest." . . . He has, however, talents and great virtues, and virtues, courage was the first of these; as Gladstone said, "never led the House of Commons with a more many-sided mind, a more indomitable pluck, a more political nerve, he stood up for what is worth remembering in his Parliamentary successors who have the respect but the physical courage of men.

This life of him is also always clear, and often compelled, with scholarship as able as it is austere, wholly primal sources. Mr Prest has remembered all the relevant articles and books; and has down his results in lucid English. It is refreshing to see the result of many years of hard scholarship with such crispness and common sense.

# Political thoughts of a man of weight

**Lord Salisbury on Politics**
*Edited by Paul Smith*
387pp. Cambridge University Press. £6.80.

Lord Salisbury lived to see the dawn of the twentieth century, its noontide he would not have liked. Possibly that incompatibility with the modern world is part of the reason why this powerful Prime Minister is neglected today. The neglect is strange. An additional reason for this neglect may be that there is no very handy life of him available. His daughter's biography, which is an admirable but expensive book, ends a decade before he died. A. L. Kennedy's life is primarily concerned with his foreign achievements. This neglect is the more remarkable because, despite the gravity by which he may seem to us to be encumbered, his was an important and engaging character. Even in these godless days—and that is one reason why he would not have felt at home in this century—we can hardly fail to applaud his reply to Eton, which had written to him to say that it would not be possible for his sons to attend a communion service because this would cut across the curriculum of their work. He wrote at once to say that he would be taking them away forthwith unless the curriculum were adapted to the service. In the earlier and more flippant decades of this century Disraeli's star shone brightly—too brightly for all tastes. Now that we have moved into more serious times the men of weight—to employ a favourite phrase of Gladstone—begin to come into their own. Paul Smith has done important service to a great Prime Minister and to historical learning by opening the door for a fresh study of his character and political thinking.

It has often been said that there is nothing more tedious than reading an old political speech; possibly it could also be said that an old political article is even more tedious and can generally be awarded the victor's crown of boredom. To the superficial and apprehensive reader this may sound a daunting opinion since the body of this book consists of the articles written by Lord Salisbury in the *Quarterly Review* between 1860 and 1883. But one point is conspicuous about these articles they read today with as much arresting force and bite as when they were written. They are, as was usual in those days, reinforced by parallels from the classics and the Bible, but they owe little to literary art and virtually nothing to English literature just here and there a smattering from the Augustans, something from Swift. The statesman's nephew, Algernon Cecil, who himself had a mastery of delicate style and an enviable appreciation of these matters, has pointed out that these political articles of his uncle have long been recognized as a rare model of restrained, pungent and vigorous English. Although it is true that Mr Smith has not restructured these articles for their stylistic virtues, they are still a pleasure to read and succeed in giving readers a thrill of pleasure as they watch an argument neatly driven home by a masterstroke. To each of the articles Mr Smith gives a helpful introduction, and he also includes a sprinkling (but not a drenching) of notes to explain the text. The result is instructive and enjoyable.

The purpose of the book is to remind us of the political thinking with which Salisbury was equipped. Naturally there are trifles in his thought which will make twentieth-century readers shudder. Did he not dismiss Hottentots, Indians, Russians and Greeks as unsuitable for the enjoyment of political liberty, implying that this only worked when confined to people of Teutonic race? The twentieth century, which is prone to deify professors, would not like his saying that people were alive to superstition in priests but that superstition was universal and "professors may be just as bad". One of the curious things about Salisbury—and here he perhaps makes an interesting contrast with Gladstone—is that he seems to have kept the two motive-powers of his life, which were politics and religion, in completely watertight compartments. He accepted the authority of the Church with confident obedience. Someone once said that a particular Christian doctrine was rationally incomprehensible, and he replied: "As if that had anything to do with it." He found the moral teaching of Christ in parts unacceptable, but he explained that he acquiesced in it as an act of faith "due to the divine authority on which the teaching rested". Yet, as Mr Smith emphasizes, it was extraordinary that one who was so absolutely subject to authority over one side of his life should completely defy authority over the other side—politics.

His intellect in terrestrial matters was, as Mr Smith rightly says, essentially critical and pugnacious—qualities which were abundantly inherited by his gifted son, Lord Quickswood. His early career is largely remembered today for his opposition to the Reform Bill of 1867 that Conservative leap in the dark, and it was over this that his forebodings for the future were most clearly expressed and we might have to add realized. For his colleagues who bodered reform he had no mercy, Disraeli was "the arch-dodger", and the rest "limpets of place". The Conservative Party had become a joint stock company for the preservation of place. He went on to argue that the misfortune of the English political system was that parties are formed by controversies that are past rather than by those which are contemporary. And might not that be said of party in 1972? In the *Quarterly* he argued that if mankind had progressed it was along materialistic lines and that political progress, based on moral evolution, was less apparent. And might not that be said of 1972? He is astonishingly severe in his comments on the trade unions and on the choice before the as to have as its master the in on the politicians, we pra Publican and his mon Towards the end of his li in a private letter: "I passed from the hands of I should be very much s say into whose hands it h It is all pure drifting." Ag not that he said in 1972 been asked to name the which led to this he m ably have said that it w by the spread of the to all classes, which m country was moving towa tion where the rich paid all and the poor made all the

# The young Miss Marx

**YVONNE KAPP**
**Eleanor Marx**
Volume I: Family Life (1855-1883).
319pp. Lawrence and Wishart. £4.50.

For many years those interested in the history of the British labour and socialist movements have known that there is an interesting story to be told in the life of Eleanor Marx—the third daughter of Karl Marx, and the only one to become deeply involved in the socialist organizations of the 1880s and 1890s. Eleanor, living in Bloomsbury and working as a research assistant at the British Museum, knew many members of the cosmopolitan literary and radical élite of the period, and she had personal aspirations to be an actress and to help to anglicize the new drama of the Ibsen type. The present availability of the Bottigelli archives in Paris, the recently published correspondence of Engels and the Lafargues, and the material in the International Institute of Social History at Amsterdam, have all made the writing of a biography more practicable.

Yvonne Kapp, who has now undertaken such a work, is not the first person to do so in recent years, for a careful work by Chushichi Tsuzuki, a Japanese scholar (to whom Mrs Kapp makes virtually no acknowledgment) was published only five years ago. But Mrs Kapp can claim to be undertaking her study with extra thoroughness, as this is to be the first of two volumes, and takes the story up only to 1883, the year when Eleanor's father died and she herself was just beginning to become involved in the work of the new socialist bodies of London—and also when she was just becoming involved with Edward Aveling, the free-thinking scientist and playwright who was her paramour and the cause of her tragic suicide.

There are several important respects in which Mrs Kapp is exceptionally qualified to write the life of Eleanor Marx. She has for a long period been closely associated with the Communist Party; she is fluent in French and German, and has worked with German refugees in Britain; and she has also been a trade union officer. She has taken the trouble to look up the entries of the Marx family in the decennial census, and also the appropriate birth, marriage, and death certificates at Somerset House and indeed abroad as well. She has obtained information from both the Moscow and the Berlin Institutes of Marxism-Leninism and from many of her old radical friends. One of the features of the work is the large number of illustrations, some of Eleanor herself, and some of other members of the family and where they lived. Mrs K been partisan of Eleano does not try to conceal th in the family conflict instance, she has an appe the story of Marx's illeg Freddy born of the fam Helene Demuth; and th finds new details of Fre from the records of the A ted Society of Engineers he was for many years a m a skilled letter.

Mrs Kapp's style is r volved at times, and som many footnotes are hardly to the story, which in the largely a record of famil illness and indebtedness a quarrels. The reader is likely to find it a little dull is keenly interested in th family or, more generall experience of German s on the fringes of British life in the Victorian era, those who are interested matters, the book contains new information and re certain amount of hith some idiosyncratic anecdo as an account of Marx use of his wife's noble *née* Baroness von Westp obtain advantage, and champagne celebration of day at work in Manchester.



# First and other Ladies

**EDWARD T. JAMES with JANET WILSON JAMES and PAUL S. BOYER** (Editors):
**Notable American Women 1607-1950**
A Biographical Dictionary
Volume I: 687pp. Volume II: 659pp. Volume III: 729pp.
Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £28.25 the set.

Long before the harpies for sirens, if you like of the Women's Liberation Movement seized society by the throat, Edward T. James and Janet W. James, husband and wife research partners, were diligently at work assembling the supporting evidence for what has since come to be known as "women's history" in America.

The project began as a simple attempt by Radcliffe College systematically to collect in a small research library called the Women's Archives the papers of the leaders in the drive for women's suffrage in the United States. Gradually, but indefatigably, as scholarly enterprises will, the Women's Archives extended its reach, and the three-volume biographical dictionary, *Notable American Women 1607-1950*, is its newest and most conspicuous product.

Fourteen years were spent on the selection and preparation of the 1,359 biographies recorded here by no fewer than 738 biographers. (The only women to be included on grounds other than individual achievement are the wives of United States presidents.) In addition to a somewhat pedantic preface by Mr James, there is a well-rounded and helpful introductory historical survey by Mrs James. She examines, with commendable disinterest, what American women were up to during the various periods of national life which she has divided into the *Colonial Years*, the Early Republic, the Age of Expansion, the Civil War and Industrial Society, the Progressive Era, and finally, the 1920s and after. As a further guide to the serious student, each biographer has included thoughtful and for the most part useful bibliographical notes at the end of his contribution. Much less useful, but with a certain curiosity value, is the classified list of biographies in the third volume in which the subjects are grouped under headings occasionally as fanciful as "Heroines" or "Peace Advocates", but generally as sober as "Philanthropists", not to say "Temperance Advocates".

With all this evidence of meticulous scholarship it is maddening, and quite inexcusable in a reference work, to discover that there is no index of biographers. Indeed, there is no identification of any of the authors beyond the unadorned signature at the end of each article and the generalized kudos tossed them way by Mr James in his preface.

The biographies themselves range in length from the two longest (more than 7,000 words each) which cover the lives of Mary Baker Eddy and Harriet Beecher Stowe, to the shortest (400 words) on the life of the Colonial printer, Ann Timothy. Sidney Ahlstrom's treatment of the controversial and self-sainted founder of Christian Science seems thorough and fair and neither overlooks nor underplays any of Mrs Eddy's extraordinary powers or her equally extraordinary failings. Barbara M. Cross is not quite so adept at conveying in compact form the complexity of Harriet Beecher Stowe's life, and the sonority of her style tends to become deadly in the detailed discussion of the genesis of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, naturally a key part of the biography.

There is all too great a disparity in the styles and tones of the individual sketches. Some (too many) sport a style which can only be described as encyclopedic pedestrianism. It features such verbs as "abjure", and runs heavily to information conveyed at any cost, even to phrases like "the horses she took such delight in raising". According to the encyclopedic pedestrians, interests are always "varied", humour is "unfailing", and the resultant tedium monumental.

By way of contrast, however, there is, among others, Lyman Butterfield, Editor-in-Chief of the Adams Papers, writing fluently and felicitously on Abigail Adams, the wife of President John Adams, and on her daughter-in-law, Louisa Adams, another early First Lady. Mr Butterfield, with his vast and intimate knowledge of the Adams Papers, delights in producing the apt and illuminating quotation and uses a mischievous, understated wit to bring his subjects instantaneously to life.

And there is Donald Fleming, an outstanding scholar of American intellectual history, writing on Ruth Benedict in a sketch that is humorous, worldly, brilliantly polished, and deeply perceptive. Embedded in it is a marvellously clear exposition of Miss Benedict's original contributions to the study of anthropology and a balanced, judicious appraisal of her historical importance.

The biographers move among a remarkable assemblage of the talented, the tiresome, the truly significant female figures throughout three-and-half centuries of American history. All the worthies seem to be here and, interestingly, they include rather a substantial number of English imports among them. Margaret Brent, for example, sometimes known as America's first woman lawyer, was Governor Calvert's eccentrix and after his death appears to have run the mutinous and near-bankrupt colony of Maryland single-handed and with total success. Less public-spirited but far more colourful an Englishwoman was Ann Trow Lohman, a notorious abortionist of nineteenth-century New York who operated as "Madame Restell". After a forty-year career she died a millionaire and a suicide on the eve of her trial at the hands of Anthony Comstock.

Such works as *Notable American Women* are not, of course, intended to be read straight through; however, to do so produces a disconcerting result. The question arises, is there truly an entity which could be described as "women's history"? Or is there not, rather, the same familiar flow of human history to which millions of women, notable and unnoticed, have contributed equally with men? Estimable as this work is (and it probably will survive into several editions as an essential reference tool), its biographies should ultimately be incorporated into the standard *Dictionary of American Biography* where a considerable number of notable women are already to be found. If that were to occur, the historian, like history itself, could dispense with the artificialities imposed by at least one instance of really pointless adherence to discrimination by sex.

# How to stay human

**MARYA MANNES:**
**Out of My Time**
251pp plus 39 photographs. Collance. £2.80.

Anyone reading this autobiography will realize early on which of the two photographs on the jacket depicts the real woman. Working more than thirty-five years ago as an editor of *Vogue*, and standing in as a sleek, elegantly pensive model for Cecil Beaton (back cover) was just part of the job of earning a living. Conviction is seen in the challenging, smiling, postwar face on the front. Yet from girlhood to today Marya Mannes's character has been all of a piece. Experience has taught her a good many lessons. At the same time the schoolmistress who told her parents "Your daughter will be broken on the wheels of life" had small measure of her capacity to be tempered.

Marie Mannes—the Marya was a London inspiration—was born into a family of gifted musicians. Her father was David Munnes, the violinist; her mother was Clara Damrosch. With a Polish background on the paternal side and that of German *flankers* on the mother's, and with both parents dedicated artists, it would have taken much more than Israel Zangwill's "melting pot" to have turned their children into nondescript American stereotypes. Schnabel, Cortot, Casals, Thibaud, and other musicians came to her home. Her earliest lessons in involvement were in watching "the devotion of human beings to something beyond themselves". Goethe, Heine, and Schiller were read aloud to her. Summers were spent in Europe. At eighteen she came to London to study under the sculptor Frank Dobson. She flitted among the parties of the Bloomsbury Group. She had what was for her probably the far greater felicity of encountering H. W. Nevinson and H. N. Brailsford. On the Riviera she met Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, and saw something of their tragedy.

Although the satisfaction of sculpting has never altogether left her, the departure of Dobson on a three months' visit to India decided her that writing was to be her métier. Time proved her right. She was not a prodigy who developed young. Like other Americans of her generation, she had no political awakening until 1933. Thereafter she not only saw the emergence of "the two great poles, Roosevelt and Hitler", but also came to rebel against "the glossy trivialities of the wealthy society" that three years on *Vogue* introduced her to.

The after-years have clearly brought her frustrations and disappointments in some parts of her life. They have added strength to her main mission. To judge the worthwhileness of reading *Out of My Time* the short, dynamite-stick of a speech with which she blasted the Pacem in Terris conference in Geneva in 1967 is the best sample. The girl who at twenty said "the only thing I can do is to try to achieve a high standard in my chosen line and be some sort of contribution to society as a personality" won her final Honours then.

Yet the public figure seen and heard at conferences, in seminars, on television, and read in the newspapers and magazines has always been dominated by the private one. She says to her alter ego (rather an interloper in the book): "I have above all wanted to stay a human being." *Out of My Time* is a personal autobiography throughout, not a political one. She has been married three times, and she analyses her character—in her own words, that of "a spiritual hermaphrodite"—and her relations with men with a candour that will shock many of those brought up in the reticences of her own generation. It is the frankness of honesty, not prurience. It is an essential part of the fighter who carries a standard for many young Americans.

Perseveringly accumulated and carefully classified, Kurt Ranke's collection of peasant jokes and pub stories, *European Anecdotes and Jests* (Translated by Timothy Buck. 189pp. Copenhagen: Rosenkilde and Bagger. D kr 80), will appeal more to the folklore specialist than the ordinary reader: the brief notes at the end being the most entertaining part of the book. The editor's erudite introduction, which discusses the nature, history, geography and transmission of "humorous stories", ends: "let us laugh as Europeans at these European jests and anecdotes". With the best will in the world it would be difficult to do this when there are so many of them: individually, they might be funny, but to be faced with 215 at once is like entering a custard-pie eating contest.

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# Living in and living out

JOAN BROTHERS and STEPHEN HATCH:
**Residence and Student Life**
419pp. Tavistock. £5.

We have in this country a unique and very expensive system of higher education which involves most students leaving home to go to university and living either in lodgings or in purpose-built accommodation at the expense of the state. In the search of a means of opening these exclusive institutions to ever-larger numbers residence is a natural target. How much does it matter? Is it true, as supporters claim, that residence is an essential part of the total experience of university education? The question is of vital practical importance at a time when some predictions envisage a doubling of the demand for higher education over the next few years.

Joan Brothers and Stephen Hatch offer no simple answers to policy-makers, but it will be impossible to debate the subject in future without reference to their work. This comprehensive report effectively clears away numerous myths and sets out practicable alternatives to traditional forms of student accommodation.

A variety of approaches and research methods enable us to see the problem in the round. First, Dr Brothers reviews the historical function of residence and the policies and provision of different types of institution. She points to the fact that a major object of residence in older universities and colleges of education was to assimilate students from varied social backgrounds to the middle-class style of living—hence the emphasis on communal eating. Civic universities and technical colleges, with a more instrumental view of their function, to provide their students with specific work skills, were less concerned about where the students lived: it was taken for granted that the majority would be at home.

In the second section of the book Mr Hatch takes pairs of apparently similar institutions and looks at them side by side. The result is a useful warning against easy generalization; such factors as the personality of the warden and the general ethos of an institution appear to count for more than its formal character. Some wardens or tutors take an energetic part in stimulating recreational and cultural activities based on the residential unit; others see themselves as someone to turn to in times of trouble. Living in a hall or college can open up wider horizons, or it may simply confirm the opinions and attitudes that students bring with them, enclosing them in an even tighter social group than before. This part of the study is essential reading for anyone involved in planning or running halls of residence. It is a pity only that Mr Hatch chose to follow the convention of giving the institutions fictitious names. As he admits, the disguise is easily penetrable for those who know the places described, and the proliferation of false labels—since there may be several smaller units within the larger body—becomes extremely confusing.

Other evidence includes a fascinating study of students living in flats and at home, which was carried out by Jacqueline Scherer, with direct student participation, and a review of the relation between residence and academic performance and of the longer-term impact of residence. The final section discusses student preferences, new trends in residence and costs of the various alternatives.

Some familiar assumptions are shaken. Students who live at home, for instance, generally regarded as poor relations, actually enjoy better facilities than most. It tends to be forgotten that the student population is still overwhelmingly drawn from the middle class, so that their home conditions are likely to be quite suitable for study. Nor do they show lower levels of participation, inferior academic standards, or a greater tendency to marry the girl next door. Living at home is not popular, but the reasons are subjective and reflect attitudes common to all students. They want to be grown-up and look after themselves even if it means less material comfort.

Though the authors carefully avoid making a string of policy recommendations, the implication of their findings and discussion is fairly clearly in favour of a great increase in living arrangements of the self-catering, cooperative kind. The conventional hall of residence, besides being too expensive, is a relic of the past which will continue in existence only because of the physical impossibility of converting it to any other use. Lodgings are the least satisfactory form of accommodation, and in urban areas anyway the supply is nearly exhausted. So the already popular pattern of shared flats or student cooperative houses is the only realistic answer. It would have been useful to have had a more detailed account of how domestic responsibilities are allocated in this type of unit, especially when the trend is firmly towards mixed-sex groups. Is there some danger that the girls, with greater skills, and possibly higher standards of housekeeping, will end up by doing all the work?

# No escape

R. K. KELSALL, ANNE POOLE and ANNETTE KUHN:
**Graduates: The Sociology of an Elite**
284pp. Methuen. £4.50.

It is well known that the education system discriminates against working-class children, but *these* children, graduates, the elite of the title, are the tiny minority who are supposed to have escaped into a world of wider opportunity. R. K. Kelsall and his associates followed up ten thousand men and women who graduated in 1960 from British universities, and found that "there is still very little room at the top for people of humble social origins".

The chances are overwhelmingly against the son of a labourer finding his way to university in the first place. Closer examination of the backgrounds of the few graduates who could be classified "manual working class" usually revealed that they were untypical of that class. Often the grandfather had been a shopkeeper or a white-collar worker: the family was in fact "sunken middle class". So even the very low figures usually quoted for working-class entrants to universities are probably spurious.

University graduates form an elite group; six years after leaving they all have high status occupations relative to the rest of the population. But within the group all the highest positions, the key jobs in government, professions and industry, remain the preserve of the few whose families have enjoyed wealth and status over several generations. Students of working-class origin enter university with lower aspirations than their middle-class contemporaries; it is more surprising that the experience of university seemed to have almost no effect on their career choices. Perhaps this was only realistic, for the research team found that older professions and administrative and managerial work, graded by working-class origin, actually depleted less successfully in terms of academic equals from middle-class homes".

In the fourth and last section, which examines the subsequent careers of women graduates, the authors unfurl the banner of women's liberation and launch a shout of protest to their earlier colleagues: those already well aware of the limited education offered to women, how limited the opportunities for married women will find in Kelsall's figures startling. The possibility of marriage as a major barrier to women graduates' career commensurate with their talents. The birth of a child is the end to any ambition they might have had. Six years after graduation nearly half of these girls, the intellectual cream of their age group, were engaged solely in domestic activities, and of the remainder more than seven out of ten had become school teachers. For women graduates, it seems, universities are little more than glorified colleges of education.

And most discouraging of all, a survey shows these women to be "captives by choice", giving work very low priority to that of husband and children. "How long", asks Professor Kelsall, will the country be able to afford the considerable wastage of highly trained women as a result of their withdrawal from effective and occasional deployment in the labour market; and for how long will women themselves accept a situation of affairs which inevitably damages their status vis-à-vis men?

Despite his optimistic references to dual-career families and the new breed of women undergraduates, one of the messages of this important book is that sexual equality is about as remote and a dream as social justice.

# Homes before firms

J. M. and R. E. PAHL:
**Managers and Their Wives**
325pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £3.25.

The existence of this book is a triumph of determination over lack of resources. J. M. and R. E. Pahl picked an important and neglected subject, located an ideal sample, and then had the greatest difficulty in raising the money to study it. The excellence of the result perhaps owes something to this shortage of funds, which dictated as their principal research technique intensive interviewing of small numbers of subjects. They were lucky in their interviewer, Mrs Marie Corbin, who contributes an engaging appendix describing her experiences in the field (baked beans at some houses, candlelit suppers in others, and interviews lasting from lunchtime until after midnight). And, unlike many sociologists, they know how to write. One never feels that they are listing facts for the record, always that they want to communicate insights which they feel to be relevant and interesting.

At one time it would have been true to say that we knew more about the Trobriand Islanders than about the English middle class, and even now the literature is mostly gaps, so that in many areas the Pahls are breaking ground which only Americans have trodden before. Inevitably the book invites comparison with W. H. Whyte's classic (though more impressionistic) study of American businessmen and their wives, and the findings are on the whole reassuring—even if they do go some way to explain the problems of British industry. English managers, it seems, have a low commitment to their work compared with their American counterparts. In making crucial decisions home considerations—children's schools for example—weigh almost as much with them as career prospects. Advancement is too dearly bought if the price is less time to spend with the family. There is no sign of the all pervading company exercising a benevolent despotism over its employees. Many wives take rather little interest in their husbands' work, viewing it as, if anything, a threat to domestic satisfactions.

But some of the differences, the authors suggest, may be the results of the interview situation. The reality is more ambiguous. "Ambition and success are not such acceptable words in our culture as they may be in America." Judged by what they do rather than what they say, the lives of these families revolve round the man's career and the ever-present possibility that promotion will demand a move to another part of the country.

The implications are well shown in the chapter on "The Wife's World". No dual-career families here: less than a quarter of the women did any paid work at all. Most seemed quite content to stay at home, or if they did have a job regarded it as a hobby to be given up at once if it conflicted, however slightly, with the needs of husband and family. Women from working-class backgrounds felt they were fortunate in being able to stay at home and having no need to work; only a few wives whose own families had been middle class and who were themselves qualified to do interesting jobs found their situation frustrating. These women found themselves in a hopeless dilemma:

> It seems as though society places a heavy burden of guilt on them: though many enjoyed being housewives, they felt when their children had all started at school that this role alone was not really enough and that they had to make excuses for being so "lazy". On the other hand, those who did take a job felt that they had to make excuses for their presumed neglect of other roles.

The most thought-provoking chapter—the authors say it was hardest to write—deals with material roles and relationships. It reveals with brutal clarity that in this layer of society husbands are very much more important to wives than wives are to husbands. Asked "From what do you get your chief security?" all but one of the wives replied "From my husband", and only two husbands answered "From my wife". The divorce rate is increasing at a fearful rate as women refuse to be content with the role of "executive mobile housekeeper". Companies have to admit that among the wives of managers' wives there is a growing sign of unrest—they seem to resent or at least unresentfully accept their bondage. Oddly enough they rarely mention what one might expect to be a source of more immediate anxiety—the rising divorce rate. What happens to these wives when independent creatures when their husbands go off with other women?

**IVOR FELSTEIN:**
**Snakes and Ladders**
Medical and Social Aspects of Modern Management.
197pp. Constable. £2.10.

Ivor Felstein's breezy style and flow of anecdote make this a fascinating book to read, but its subject matter is serious. 310 million working days are officially lost each year due to sickness, many times the figure lost in stoppages and strikes, and this figure does not all the odd days off for which no sick benefit is paid. Yet how little attention and publicity are given to industrial health by comparison with industrial relations.

The book ranges over a very wide field: shops and offices as well as factories, youth and age, industry and groups, small and large organizations. It does not always come off: its brevity, and occasionally slight superficiality, and occasionally slight superficiality rather too ready acceptance of the status quo. Dr Felstein skates round the problems that have arisen from eroding the "principle of" the National Health Service—for example "utopian"—at the same time as advocating a massive increase in occupational health provision for which he does not seem to envisage any payment by the recipients. It is also suspiciously like updating the old panel doctor system.


**July *and* Edward Arnold**

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*Published on July 27th* Cloth £7.50 net




# The birth of desire

LUIS CERNUDA:
**Perfil del aire**
Con otras obras olvidadas e inéditas, documentos y epistolario.
Edited by Derek Harris.
204pp. Tamesis Books. Distributed by Grant and Cutler. £2.50.

ANTHONY EDKINS and DEREK HARRIS (editors):
**The Poetry of Luis Cernuda**
171pp. New York University Press. £4.

Published in 1927, *Perfil del aire* (Profile of the air) was the first book of Luis Cernuda, who belonged to the group of Spanish poets that, including Lorca and Jorge Guillén, is usually known as the Generation of 1927. Partly because of his homosexuality, Cernuda's acute sense of being different from other men induced in him a remoteness that, interpreted by many as hauteur, sometimes led him, particularly in his criticism, to choose attack as the best form of defence.

The introspective and ironic detachment he was to develop in his mature works is apparent in *Perfil del aire*. The largely lukewarm critical response to his first book so wounded Cernuda that in 1935 or thereabouts he recast it under the anaemic—and inaccurate—title of *Primeras poesías*, to which he gave the equally erroneous dates of 1924-27. An editing *Perfil del aire*, dating its poems and so neatly exposing the differences between it and *Primeras poesías*, Derek Harris deserves the gratitude of those interested in twentieth-century Spanish poetry, for he has made easily available to them a work long since difficult to find, in which "the history of Cernuda's emotional development begins". Dr Harris has included other valuable material; contemporary reviews of *Perfil del aire*, a group of letters and a number of poems and prose pieces which Cernuda wrote between 1924 and 1928, some unpublished and some which, as Dr Harris insists, he "forgotten" in elusive magazines. In view of Cernuda's unworthy attempt in 1948 to rebut the influence of Jorge Guillén on *Perfil del aire*, it is particularly intriguing to read in his letter to Guillén of December 21, 1926, his description of himself as "a disciple at your feet".

The influences which operated on Cernuda are one of the things that Dr Harris deals with in his long "Introducción y estudio", which, though comprehensive, is curiously organized; by analysing the poems of *Perfil del aire* before considering the influences that helped make them what they were, Dr Harris denies himself the chance of demonstrating even more clearly Cernuda's "strong individual personality". In examining the influences on *Perfil del aire* of Juan Ramón Jiménez, Mallarmé, Pierre Reverdy, Pedro Salinas and Guillén, Dr Harris has distinguished between purely verbal borrowings, features of style and spiritual affinities, with a care absent from J. M. Capote Benot's *El período sevillano de Luis Cernuda* (1971). At times, however, he postulates verbal parallels too tenuous to be credible, for the lines "Y bajará la luna/a posarse en la mano", he offers two sources, one from Jiménez and the other from Guillen, neither of which is convincing.

Uneven in quality, Dr Harris's analyses show his reluctance to question the terms he uses and the statements he makes. To claim that "The use of images drawn from nature to express sexual desire is... a sign of his innocence" is an oddly blinkered view of nature imagery, challenged by the passionate poems of Vicente Aleixandre and Juan-José Domenchina and by the erotic paintings and drawings of André Masson. And Dr Harris has a curious view of what is "abstract" when he criticizes the following verse:

> Al sol tenderá la playa
> sus soledades de arena.
> Venus, no nacida, nace.
> La tierra y el mar la esperan.

Dr Harris is convinced that *Perfil del aire* is "an excellent book of poems"; some of Cernuda's awkward and immature phrasing may lead others to qualify that view. Dr Harris does not fully bring out those distinctive qualities that Cernuda was to develop: his control of rhythm; his focus on a seemingly trivial action or moment which acquires importance because it is left to work on the reader without comment; his use of understatement and impersonal comments, which, heralding such enigmatic, nonchalant lines (in *Un río, un amor*) as "In a few days it will be autumn in Virginia", strike more of a chord in the reader than his sometimes embarrassingly personal remarks. The weakness of *Perfil del aire* is also its strength: it is a collection of poems that could only have been written by a young and sensitive lover of talent responsive to "the birth of desire" within him.

As Dr Harris has carefully separated *Perfil del aire* and *Primeras poesías*, it is a surprise to read in his introduction to *The Poetry of Luis Cernuda* that Cernuda's "early poems" are "contained in the collection *First Poems*". This is a disappointing essay from someone so dedicated to Cernuda, especially as his audience is likely to consist of those who do not share his knowledge or enthusiasm. Those familiar with Cernuda's poetry will find little to stimulate them in this ponderous essay unrelieved by one line of poetry. Those who do not know Cernuda's work are unlikely to be won over by such melodramatic statements as "*Where Oblivion Dwells* is a work of violent disenchantment expressed with a deceptive calm that is a mask for cold despair", nor will they gain much idea of Cernuda's individuality from Dr Harris's mentions of "poems... powerful and strangely beautiful" and "an evocative style".

For that they will have to turn to the poems themselves, which, ranging from *First Poems* to *Desolación de la quimera* (transl*ated* as *The Disconsolate Chimera*), successfully illustrate with their varied manners, moods and themes what Cernuda called in 1933 "unity within diversity": his preoccupation with time, as in "Yankee Nocturne"; his bitterness, as in "Lazarus"; his use of colloquialisms and flat speech rhythms, as in "Said Not a Word"; his deployment of his moods into dramatic dialogues, as in "A Man's Night with His Demon". The best translations are by Sage and E. M. Wilson, particularly the latter's elegant versions of "Sadness of Memory", "Gulls in the Park" and "Urban Cemetery".

# An antidote to ambiguity

**The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell**
Edited by H. M. Margoliouth
Volume 1: Poems. 454pp. Volume 2: Letters. 415pp.
Third edition. Revised by Pierre Legouis with the collaboration of E. E. Duncan-Jones.
Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £13 the set.

This reset edition of Margoliouth's *Marvell* is revised by Pierre Legouis in collaboration with E. E. Duncan-Jones, both acknowledged experts on the poet. But Professor Legouis insists that it "is still Margoliouth's edition". The text remains virtually unaltered, mainly because no changes were felt to be required, though occasionally the new editor admits, in the notes, to finding a different reading preferable. For example, "On a Drop of Dew", line 23 still reads: "Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green", although Legouis seems to favour John Sparrow's emendation "dwart".

There are, however, considerable additions. Among these are nine new letters: one addition to the Hull Corporation Letters, here numbered 165a, and eight additions to the Miscellaneous Letters—five previously printed by Caroline Robbins in *Etudes Anglaises*, two in the *TLS*, and one not previously printed. These eight are addressed either to Sir Henry Thompson of Escrick or to his brother Edward.

More important is the expansion of Margoliouth's commentary to take into account the mass of explicatory comment which has accumulated around Marvell's work during the past decade and a half. "Critics and editors", states Professor Legouis, "have provided new material on which I have drawn, so that this might almost be called a *variorum* edition of Marvell."

The new editor's personality is, however, recognizably stamped on this edition. He delights in deflating fellow scholars with a neat prick in a footnote. He cites Kermode on line 320 of "Upon Appleton House" ("She [the bee] runs you through, or askes *the Word*"): "'or' must mean 'ere' (Kermode)". Legouis merely adds: "It may." A few lines later he cites some allegorizing explications of the "rail" (line 195) which would make it Charles I, or, because "her" is used in line 196, "an avatar of Isabel Thwaites as well as of Mary Fairfax by anticipation", and concludes: "To me the rail is just a rail."

Professor Legouis is a sceptical editor which is not in itself a bad thing for an editor to be. For him inconsistency is inconsistency; Marvell "had not foreseen the 'close reading' of the New Critic". Irony, as detected by John Carswell in the "Royal Actor" passage of "An Horatian Ode", is non-existent, and irony in general is "a notion much abused by recent critics". His strongest reserve, however, is shown in his handling of ambiguities and ambivalences. He accepts the validity of the pun on "cordage" and "chord" implicit in "this sweet Chordage" ("The Resolved Soul, and Created Pleasure", line 44), the spelling being some objective warrant for it, but adds: "This is perhaps the soundest of the ambiguities collected by William Empson from Marvell's poems." But the suggestions that the lines from "Upon Appleton House",

> Do you, *O Brambles*, chain me too,
> And courteous *Briars* nail me through

allude to the crucifixion, or imply masochistic tendencies on Marvell's part, are firmly squashed: "the 'Briars' are 'courteous' and so is he".

Often this scepticism is salutary, but there are times when it seems overdone. Why, for example, should Legouis, reporting the suggestion made by James Winny and J. B. Leishman that "recollecting its own Light" ("On a Drop of Dew", line 24) means "remembering", as well as "collecting again", follow this with the comment: "I think such fancied ambiguities distract the reader unnecessarily and unprofitably"? In this case the ambiguity is entirely consistent with the widely acknowledged Platonic argument of the poem, and it reinforces, rather than ironically undermines, that argument. Professor Legouis's scepticism is a useful antidote to the feverish hunting of *doubles entendres* that can easily infect commentators on Marvell and his contemporaries. But that seventeenth-century poets savoured ambiguities is beyond dispute, and that commentators should be on the watch for them seems reasonable enough. Where to draw the line between the reasonable and the "fancied" is a difficult matter, but surely one must allow more liberal criteria than necessity, profit and punctuation.

If Professor Legouis's commentary has this sort of subjective colouring, it is none the less thorough; the reader has the material on which to exercise his own judgment. What is a slight deficiency in this respect, however, is the absence of detailed reference to the critical and editorial sources that are cited. The reader is referred instead to Dennis G. Donovan's Marvell bibliography. Reasons of space may have dictated this, but it is a pity, as it makes an otherwise excellent and greatly improved edition of Marvell's work that much less useful and convenient.

# Lyrikismus

WALTHER KILLY:
**Elemente der Lyrik**
190pp. Munich: C. H. Beck. DM16.80.

Walther Killy's introduction to some of the main aspects of lyric poetry sets the German lyric firmly in its European context by analysing Greek and Roman poems, primitive songs, and several English poems as well as German ones. This lends a welcome perspective and leads to some salutary attacks on the vague *Stimmung* which has seemed to far too many far too long a hallmark of "great" German poetry. There are chapters on the treatment of man and nature, on various rhetorical and structural devices, on mythological and allegorical elements, on the "lyric I" and its masks, and on the nature and function of laconicity. Professor Killy illustrates each point with an analysis of one or more poems; his examples are well chosen and his analyses neither neglect nor overstress the historical dimension of literature.


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# Six snubs to the sublime

**JAMES HARDING:**
**The Ox on the Roof**
Scenes from musical life in Paris in the Twenties.
261pp. Macdonald. £3.

The story of how five young Frenchmen and one young Frenchwoman immediately after the 1914 war inscribed a new page in the annals of twentieth-century music has often been told, but seldom with such a profusion of detail and valuable background information as in this study of "Les Six", as they came to be known, and their association with the creator of *Le Boeuf sur le toit*.

A great deal has been written about these composers who started as a group (after being labelled by a journalist as "The Six" on the analogy of the Russian "Big Five") but who later split up when their paths diverged. Our main sources of information about them, however, until now have been in the form of scattered articles and critical studies in musical journals and dictionaries of music, or in individual biographies. If only from the point of view of convenient reference, James Harding's book serves a most useful purpose, since it deals fully with the works, lives and main characteristics of all the members of the group.

The chief interest of the book is probably the picture it gives of the general social and artistic climate of Paris in the 1920s, which certainly played an important part in the formation and orientation of these young musicians, whose adolescence coincided with the last years of the First World War. In fact, the group came into existence before the war was over, and they gave their first concerts in 1917 in an old studio at the back of a courtyard in the rue Huyghens, not far from the famous Café de la Rotonde in Montparnasse.

Louis Durey, Georges Auric and Arthur Honegger were the first to get together; soon they were joined by Germaine Tailleferre and Francis Poulenc, and a little later by Darius Milhaud, just back from Brazil where he had been working at the French Embassy in Rio under the then Minister, the poet Paul Claudel, who was to become in later years a kind of literary godfather to the group. But their first protector and mentor was Erik Satie, who, before they came to be known as "Les Six", had dubbed them the "Nouveaux Jeunes". It was also thanks to Satie that they were first brought into the orbit of Jean Cocteau, who wrote his brilliant little pamphlet *Le Coq et l'Arlequin* to commend to them the example of Satie, and to give them the aesthetic and theoretical background which influenced all their early works. This led to the cult of crude, square-cut rhythms, homely tunes and a musical atmosphere redolent of circus sawdust and village bands, tempered with a dash of jazz to give it a more exotic flavour, together with a lavish use of polytonal harmonies. "Enough of hammocks, garlands and gondolas", said Cocteau. "I want someone to build me music I can live in like a house." The whole movement was, of course, in violent reaction against the cult of "the sublime" as exemplified in Wagner (and Germanic music in general), and against the alleged impressionism of Debussy and what the "The Six" chose to call Ravel's "écriture artiste".

Mr Harding could hardly have chosen a better title for his book since it was Cocteau's fantastic pantomime *Le Boeuf sur le toit* (produced in 1920) that epitomized all the fashionable trends that the snob avant-garde of the day, not only in artistic but in aristocratic circles as well the world of the Tout Paris—had been conditioned to admire. Financed by Comte Etienne de Beaumont, that assiduous patron of the arts, the show was a huge social success (though it ran for only three performances); and Milhaud in his memoirs has recorded that the Shah of Persia even paid 10,000 francs for a front seat "from which he could not see a thing, but was himself in full view of everyone".

It is only fair to add that Milhaud himself, who had composed his score based on Brazilian folk tunes as a simple *divertissement* or as a possible accompaniment to a film, until Cocteau insisted on using it for his pantomime, by no means relished the publicity that surrounded *Le Boeuf*, and was horrified when the critics represented his contribution as an example of "so-called post-war music. . . . Forgetting that I had written the Choéphores, both public and critics agreed that I was a figure of fun and a showground musician . . . ."

The final consecration of *Le Boeuf sur le toit* came, of course, when it became the name of the best-known cabaret in Paris, frequented by artists and socialites alike; and it is the picture Mr Harding paints of the social goings-on in those hectic years (in which most of the six young composers were more or less involved) that makes his book not only highly entertaining, but valuable to students of the period. In his studies of Saint-Saëns and Sacha Guitry the author has already shown his thorough familiarity with almost every aspect of Parisian life in those days; and beneath the shadow of *The Ox* flit to and fro the ghosts, sometimes vividly evoked, of those once famous leaders of society and the arts: the Etienne de Beaumonts, Marie-Laure de Noailles, Mrs Reginald Fellowes, Marie Laurencin, "Coco" Chanel, Paul Morand, the ineffable Boni de Castellane, Jean Cocteau and Raymond Radiguet, and even the once notorious "Kiki de Montparnasse". Although the author occasionally adopts a somewhat "gossipy" style, one feels that this is somehow in keeping with the superficiality of the life he is describing and at the same time slyly poking fun at. This could apply to his treatment of the various figures themselves, to whom he is always fair and judicious in his assessment of their works and personalities.

Errors are few and far between, but there are two references (pp. 67 and 109) to the broadcast given by Cocteau in the early 1930s entitled *Le Coq*, which is not confused, as it has been here, with his original pamphlet *Le Coq et l'Arlequin*. On page 45 the beard of the *Bleue* has been shown at its best, and it was Robert, not Roger, who, with Milhaud, was present at Satie's deathbed. By a curious omission, no mention is made of the gifted Spanish artist Pedro Pruna, who painted the scenery and designed costumes for Auric's two ballets, *Les Matelots* and *Fox*. The book's well-chosen illustrations enhance the flavour of its text.

# The best of Groucho

**RICHARD J. ANOBILE** (Editor):
**Why a Duck?**
Visual and Verbal Gems from the Marx Brothers' Movies.
288pp. Studio Vista. Paperback, £2.50.

However obscure it may be to Leninists and Maoists, no Marxist will need to be told why a duck. He will know at once that the reason is to be found in *The Cocoanuts* in the scene where Groucho is telling Chico how to get to Cocoanut Manor. He will merely have to shut his eyes, enter the cinema of the mind and project **the required scene against the back of his skull:**

GROUCHO: You're a peach, boy! Now, here is a little peninsula, and here is a viaduct leading over to the mainland.

CHICO: Why a duck?

GROUCHO: I'm all right. How are you? I say here is a little peninsula, and here's a viaduct leading over to the mainland.

CHICO: All right. Why a duck?

and so on, until Groucho in desperation offers an alternative route:

GROUCHO: Now, look. Listen. You go down there, down to that narrow path there . . . and then, there's a little clearing with a wire fence around it.

You see that wire fence there?

CHICO: All right. Why-a-fence?

It is a scene in which Chico's verbal confusions are of a feebleness that ought to make audiences groan but by some comic magic makes them laugh helplessly instead indeed makes them laugh so long and loud that they usually miss half the gags.

Those who want to take the Marx Brothers more slowly and who don't know the films off by heart and also those who do know the films off by heart—will want to get hold of the "visual and verbal gems from the Marx Brothers' movies" collected by Richard J. Anobile. Richard J. Anobile? That can't be right. As Chico would not have failed to point out, Anobile crossed the Alps. Richard J. Anobile . . . now let's see, haven't we heard that name somewhere before? Jeffrey T. Spaulding? No, that's not it. Rufus T. Firefly. Otis B. Driftwood, Hugo Z. Hackenbush, J. Cheever Loophole, S. Quentin Quale, Wolf J. Flywheel? "Richard J. Anobile", claims the blurb, "is founder and president of an American film distribution company, and will shortly go into film production as well. He previously edited a short volume of the wit of W. C. Fields. . . ." A likely story! How could anyone edit a *short* volume of the wit of W. C. Fields?

Whoever he may be, Mr Anobile has brought together for us (and frame blow-ups (as opposed to production stills)) some of the moments of the Marx Brothers' comedy, from the contract scene in the crowded cabin in *A Night at the Opera* to *Monkey Business*'s moustache-trimming ("I think you've got one snoop too much"), and Chicho's love-making ("Ah, love, sweet love, mer madness, the music is in my veins, the hot blood of youth"). Kapellmeister, let the violas play. My regiment leaves at dawn!"). The selection is heavily slanted in Chicho's direction, which one can't regrets because it does an injustice to Harpo. For reasons of editorial convention, there is nothing from *Happy or A Night in Casablanca* (which is no great loss; and nothing from *Room Service* or *Duck Soup* (for copyright reasons); but these the omission of *Animal Crackers* is the only serious one. A disappointment is that we are not given the words of any of Groucho's songs. One day someone, somewhere will have to produce complete transcripts of all the films. Until then, *Why a Duck?* will be a welcome supplement to, but not a replacement for, Allen Eyles's excellent *The Marx Brothers: Their World of Comedy*.

# The best of Belfast

**SAM HANNA BELL:**
**The Theatre in Ulster**
147pp. Dublin: Gill and Macmillan. £1.50.

Two young Ulstermen, Bulmer Hobson and David Parkhill, travelled from Belfast in the autumn of 1902 in order to see the plays which were being presented at the National Theatre Society in Dublin. Yeats and A. E. were among the poets who took part in this imaginative experiment. The plays were *Cathleen Ni Houlihan* by Yeats and *The Racing Lug*, a brief tragedy by James Cousins. Bulmer Hobson asked permission to produce both plays and to include Dudley Digges and Maire Quin, the leading performers in the cast. One can scarcely blame Yeats for refusing the double request, but Maud Gonne felt otherwise; when she heard of his unhelpful attitude, she exclaimed, "Don't mind Willie. He wrote that play for me and gave it to me. It is mine and you can put it on whenever you want to." So the plays were presented in a small hall in Belfast by a group which later became the Ulster Literary Theatre.

Vexed by Yeats's lack of sympathy, the young enthusiasts decided to write their own plays. Bulmer Hobson contributed *Brian of Banba*, which dealt with the tragic death of the High King in the moment of victory as the routed Danes were fleeing from the battle-ground at Clontarf. Lewis Purcell wrote a realistic satire, *The Enthusiast*, on the theme of municipal corruption. James McKinstry had called a public meeting of protest but it broke up in confusion and violence owing to the sectarian strife which still prevails in Northern Ireland. Rab exclaims: "Oh, it wuz a grand meeting. I never seen a better fight." And Aunt Marget adds, "What else cud ye expect but a fight, bringin' Home Rulers and Catholics, and Dippers, and tramps, an' a' the riff-raff o' the country into the same field. It's flyin' in the face o' Providence!" Rutherford Mayne wrote *The Drone*, which later proved a popular success on tour. Gerald Macnamara's *The Mist that does be on the Bog* was a hilarious parody on the peasant speech of Synge. The next play by Macnamara, *Thompson in Tir-na-nOg*, was on an Ulster theme and most effective. It tells how Andrew Thompson, during the annual "Battle of Scarva", is "blew up" by the bursting of his old gun and awakens, complete with Orange sash and bowler hat, in the Land of Eternal Youth among the heroes of Irish myth.

The Ulster Literary Theatre lasted until 1922, but gradually tended towards commercial drama. George Sheils and other playwrights contributed kitchen farces to the Abbey and hastened its decline into entertainment. To quote the Padraig Gregory, who was a member of the group: "There certain elements who got into Theatre . . . and they got the tent for money and they were not the ones we were to save our up with a view to acquiring theatre."

Another society, The Group Theatre (1941-60) plays by distinguished writers as St John Ervine, Joseph Tomelty, Jack Loudan. The Belfast Theatre, formed in 1944, called itself mainly to Continental and seventeen years later its own playhouse, the first built in Belfast for over fifty years. The Lyric Players, a group formed in 1951, by Mrs Mary O'Neill, specialized in verse drama, opened its own theatre in 1968. the Articles of Association stated that in each year at least play by W. B. Yeats is to be formed and special consideration given to the work of other poets. However, in the seven years its existence no verse play by Irish poet but Yeats himself has been presented.


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# The small town and the large State

The problem of Germany is the problem of us all. It is the problem of creating a workable relationship between the unit that affords social fulfilment and the political context within which it has to exist. Whether that political context withers away to a mere mechanism or flourishes as an all-powerful sovereign authority, it is still not the same as the network of relationships in which individuals gain a sense of personal worth and identity. There have been attempts to dissolve the state in society, but more recently efforts to dissolve society in the state have been made because modern means of moving people and goods have so much enlarged the scale on which society can be organized. Yet nowhere else have the tensions between the communities and the state been so serious or so difficult to resolve as they proved to be in Germany during the Second or the Third Reich. Mack Walker's study of the small German towns leads him to suggest—as many observed at the time that National Socialism was an effort to translate small-town life, with its virtues and its defects, on to a national level. Thus, for him, the failure of National Socialism was analogous to the failure of other attempts to force society and state together. Be this as it may, *German Home Towns* certainly illuminates habits of life in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries which were as distinctively German as the peasant world of Grimm's *Fairy Tales*.

Professor Walker's book relates to the town-dwelling area of Germany that is, the southern Rhineland Swabia and Franconia, stretching north-eastwards to Saxony and south-eastwards to include most of Bavaria. In the open countryside of north and east Germany most men lived on landed estates (*Güter*) in cities. The communities Professor Walker discusses cut across the *Stände* (Estates) which in their classic rigidity were most characteristic of Brandenburg-Prussia. John Gillis's *Prussian Bureaucracy in Crisis, 1840-1860*, though it covers a much shorter period, is concerned too with the problem of the dissolution of a society, where the individual was supported by a network of relationships, into a larger whole, where he stood on his own merit and achievement. The society of which he writes was not however set in a fixed locality; it was one of the *Stände*—the *Beamtenstand* (or administrative estate) that had intruded itself by the nineteenth century somewhere between the nobility and the *Bürgertum* in the old three-fold division of nobles burghers and peasants. Thus Professor Gillis's book is a kind of complement to Professor Walker's, concerned with the other part of Germany and the other kind of social group. (Both books are, incidentally, based on a great wealth of sources which their authors deploy most skilfully.) Whereas Professor Walker's subject is the communities that lost their identity under pressure from the state, Professor Gillis's subject is the displacement of the *Stände* by social classes. Yet, basically, it is the same enlargement of scale that created the changes of which they both write.

If one were to ask what such changes might mean in terms of the individual, one could find an answer in Karl-Heinz Janssen's *Die graue Exzellenz*, the attractive account—mostly from his own diaries—of the life of His Excellency Karl Georg von Treutler. Though born in 1858, Treutler represented in his person the early nineteenth-century ideal of the official, yet he was clearly a member of the upper class Professor Gillis describes. He carried the ideas of both forward to the Nazi seizure of power in 1933. Mercifully, he did not live to see its consequences.

Professor Walker, on the far side of the Atlantic, is not infected with the European penchant for disparaging the Holy Roman Empire. He recognizes that it was a system of rights, designed to preserve the security of its weakest member as well as the dignity of its strongest. He does not despise it for not being what it never claimed to be: a unit of power. He sees it as an equilibrium of rights, so he can relate it to the loosely constructed European balance of power on one side and to the much more tightly articulated organism of the town community on the other. In its different way, each of these numerous small towns could give to its citizens a sense of belonging and a sense of having belongings their sense of *Liegenschaft*.

"The town was small enough for each citizen eventually to acquire some knowledge of each of his fellow citizens. It was small enough to manage its affairs without any established oligarchy of patrician families, although below the *Bürger* were always those tolerated residents who were not yet, and might never be, tucked into the elaborate folds of the town's fabric. It was self-sufficient in the Aristotelian sense. There were established habits of behaviour that could be expressed in institutions, such as the Small Council headed by the Burgomaster, the Outer Council, the Guild Masters and the heads of the different districts (*Viertelmeister*), though their names, sizes and relations were subject to infinite variation, expressed in the language of statutes, privileges and customs.

But, as Professor Walker tells us, all this mattered much less than the family, social and economic persuasion that could be used in order to preserve a rough equality among the citizens and to prevent any one party or group from imposing its own decisions. Ties of family, trade or office interlaced, cutting across levels of wealth, education or achievement, giving the community its close texture inside and its tough, impenetrable circumference outside. Professor Walker describes the social, economic and political functions of the Guilds. They enforced marriage and settlement rules; they controlled the distribution of economic effort so that the town could provide for its own needs, draw food from and supply services to the local countryside; and their masterships were a rung in the ladder to power and influence within the town as a whole. The *Ehrbarkeit* that the Guild preserved in the late seventeenth century was a domestic, civic and economic orderliness far more effective we are told, than anything that existed in the Middle Ages.

Professor Walker goes on to discuss the elements hostile to the small towns which developed during the eighteenth century. The entrepreneurs or city merchants, employing labour recruited outside the Guilds and organized it with some division of function, and on a factory scale; state officials and the members of the free professions whose life centred in the universities or courts all these were men who depended on self-assertion and general ideas. They had no need of *Bürgerrecht*; indeed it would have stood in their way. If the eighteenth-century science of administration which the officials put into practice was not unfavourable to the towns, it was because the towns were financially unimportant to the state.

Yet the centralizing tendencies of the Cameralists (Professor Walker is interesting on this point) prepared the way for the changes that came when the Holy Roman Empire ended in 1806. After the annexations and the reforms of the Napoleonic period, the political context of the small towns was no longer a harmonious system of rights, but a federation of small, consolidated power units: Hesse-Darmstadt, Baden, Württemberg, and Bavaria within which it became increasingly difficult for the towns to retain their autonomy. They had already suffered serious penetration by state officials. From the end of the Napoleonic period, legislation by these four states on marriage and settlement rules, on economic and civic organization, marked a series of accommodations between themselves and the towns in which increased state control and the towns' recovery of self-government alternated. Each successive accommodation, however, left the towns less individual, less compact and less well-defended against the world outside. Between 1855 and 1871 the *Bürger* finally became the *Staatsbürger*: railways, banks, industrialization and Prussian bureaucracy had triumphed.

Professor Walker's book gives without doubt an idealized picture. His ability to write in concrete terms, to describe actual towns and real men with names and characters, means that it is a vivid and convincing picture. It is only when one escapes from the spell of the writer that one remembers that although these towns were effective societies they had nothing to do with Germany's great cultural achievement. Men within them may well have been narrow-minded, timid and ignorant as well as industrious, law-abiding and kindly. Their religion must surely have meant more to them than one would guess from this picture. Professor Walker's readers, then, must be left to discount the idyll, to remedy the omissions, and to learn the moral. Historically, they will have an explanation of some of the smothered discontent underlying Bismarckian Germany. Politically, they will have a set of reflections on methods of social fulfilment that are workable in small communities only.

As late as 1840 Prussia was a simple structure of Estates: the nobility, the *Gebildeten* (civil servants and professional men), the townsmen and the peasants constituted distinguishable "orders". The civil service, through its collegiate structure, its power to discipline its own members and the patriarchal principle it respected inside its own organization, was a particularly cohesive society, fortified externally by privileges and exemptions.

Professor Gillis leads his readers through phases of overcrowding and complaints of low salary and slow promotion to the point when the younger generation scorned old ideas and considered state service just another way of earning a living. The events of 1848-49 found many civil servants among the liberal or even democratic opponents of the crown. Their virtual monopoly of knowledge about public affairs meant that they supplied a disproportionate number of members of both the Frankfurt Assembly and the National Assembly at Berlin. In *German Home Towns* they appear as representatives of state interests as against, for example, the twenty Burgomasters and four-artisans who represented small-town interests at Frankfurt. To Professor Gillis's account they appear as opponents of the crowns and governments of the states. The contrast makes one understand that the state that threatened old values was the large-scale state: liberal, national united Germany, a state that would be composed of a dust of unorganized individuals, not a political society that would articulate a variety of groups and corporations into a larger whole.

After the contentions of these two years the civil service at first settled back into something like its old corporate pride. The end of patrimonial justice and the reorganization of the courts enabled the judicial service to absorb all those awaiting permanent employment. Each successive accommodation, however, left the towns less individual, less compact and less well-defended against the world outside. Between 1855 and 1871 the *Bürger* finally became the *Staatsbürger*: railways, banks, industrialization and Prussian bureaucracy had triumphed.

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**MACK WALKER:**
**German Home Towns**
Community, State and General Estate 1648-1871.
473pp. Cornell University Press. (1981) £6.65.

**JOHN R. GILLIS:**
**The Prussian Bureaucracy in Crisis, 1840-1860**
Origins of an Administrative Ethos.
269pp. Stanford University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £4.25.

**KARL-HEINZ JANSSEN** (Editor):
**Die graue Exzellenz**
Aus den Papieren des Kaiserlichen Gesandten Karl Georg von Treutler.
277pp. Berlin: Propyläen. DM28.


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# A gadfly in the Third World

**P. T. BAUER:**
**Dissent on Development**
550pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.75.

Nothing would be more easy, and more false or patronizing, than to praise P. T. Bauer for this lucid (if repetitive), well-written statement of the case for development through private enterprise. Although witty and at times epigrammatic, these papers are the ultimate *trahison des clercs*. They expose the proneness of a brilliant mind to carelessness, insinuation of motive, rhetoric disguised as logic, laziness dressed as disdain for "quantification", and in general the subjugation of truth to debate. Some of the author's earlier work, notably the discussions of methodology and the 1953 study of the West African export monopolies reproduced here (like all the papers, not updated), and some of the reasoning in the footnotes, show the real quality of which he is capable. Yet he seems content to be stimulating, provocative, a gadfly: the Malcolm Muggeridge of development studies.

To debate and dissent usefully, one must understand one's adversary; Professor Bauer turns him into Aunt Sally. He repeatedly ridicules theories that A and B are related, by showing that A is neither necessary nor sufficient for B; but the fact that the occasional country has developed despite low savings *or* aid *or* infrastructure *or* investment is entirely irrelevant to the fact that each of these four things *helps* development. Similarly those who fear the vicious circle of poverty seldom imply, absurdly, that hunger (or low savings) and low income inevitably perpetuate each other: only that they make each other difficult to cure without a "big push".

In other respects, Professor Bauer also scorns dialogue with his adversaries. Thus Nicholas Kaldor does *not*, by "resources" and "incentives", mean respectively "money" and "attitudes and motivations". Many people see countries "in which there is substantial private foreign investment" as "economically dependent" not because its returns are "a form of exploitation" but because its management is relatively difficult to subordinate to even the ultimate control of the home government. No serious person believes that "the primary or only differences between people are differences in incomes".

Professor Bauer's refusal to think himself into his adversary's head prevents him from spotting interesting areas of agreement between "left" and "right", and in particular (in his long review of *Asian Drama*) between Gunnar Myrdal and himself. Thus Myrdal's preference for price incentives over licences and other physical controls is unmentioned. Myrdal is repeatedly claimed to hold views opposite to those on which he and Professor Bauer concur. Professor Bauer alleges that "Myrdal's hostility to prosperous people is notable in his references to the economically successful Asian minority groups"; yet Myrdal wrote in *Asian Drama*: "In SE Asia, government intrusion in commerce and business has, as we noted, frequently been motivated by prejudice against foreigners . . . in Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia, that term [Socialism] is frequently used as a palatable disguise for outright discrimination." Professor Bauer accuses Myrdal of worshipping the Asian "intellectual elite", yet even Myrdal's index references reveal mixed and sceptical feelings ("... created by metropolitan countries: enthusiasm for industrialization; expectations of ... revolution ...; indictment of private enterprise; influenced by foreign ideals; optimism; religious attitudes responsible for educational conservatism; romantic attitude towards masses; ... vested interest in *status quo*").

By ignoring his adversaries when they agree with him, Professor Bauer can lay claim to "radical and uncompromising criticism of widely accepted views", and then list extreme, caricatured dogmata, ready to be knocked down with uncompromising radicalism.

Professor Bauer's method of direct citation is no more scholarly. Despite Myrdal's extended critique of "direct controls", his advocacy of "compulsion" is systematically misinterpreted as a wish to transform Asian Man by force; this is done by cutting off or leaving out such Myrdalisms as, "there is nothing more dangerous for democracy than lack of discipline", or "apply compulsion in order to enforce existing laws and regulations and to enact and enforce new ones". In one footnote Professor Bauer thrice seriously distorts Myrdal, in each case portraying a neutral or balanced remark about communist systems as unstinted praise.

To the colour-blind there are indeed Reds under the bed. They spread "widely publicized ideas which are nonsense [but] promote attitudes or policies which weaken the position of the West". Unnamed "people influential in the universities, mass media and the international organizations", who "regard the radical weakening" of "the market economy and . . . private property" as "a major objective of policy", also "consider the underdeveloped countries as allies, or rather as instruments, in the promotion of their aims". In a paper written in 1969, Professor Bauer approvingly cites F. A. Hayek's remark that "the information which the Western public has obtained about events in central and eastern Europe has almost inevitably been coloured by a socialist bias". Misreading a citation, Professor Bauer claims that for Myrdal "the communist system achieves economic wonders". Neither freedom nor analysis is likely to be advanced by these techniques.

Where remarks cry out for evidence (or at least references) they get none. It may be true "that the number of motor cars per thousand people in the Soviet Union is certainly less than half the corresponding figure for *non-whites* in South Africa, and probably as little as one-quarter" or that "there has been substantial material progress in most of the underdeveloped world since 1780", but *true dicit* is not proof. Professor Bauer's unfamiliarity with the recent literature leads him to assert, categorically and often, some dumping non-facts: that the gap between average real income-per-head in rich and poor countries has not widened (cf. Kuznets); that there is no sharp discontinuity in real purchasing power per head between poor countries and rich ones (cf. Maddison); that "the economic history of India since about [1955] has been one of progression from poverty to pauperism" (Bhagwati and Desai, Streeten and Hill); and that demand for coffee, cocoa and tea probably increases almost as quickly as the income of those who drink it (H. Schultz, Stone). Authorities are sometimes oddly chosen: the Liberian delegate to the UN (from whom Firestone rather than fire-and-brimstone is to be expected) is cited in support of British colonial beneficence in Gold Coast-Ghana, but the statistical and documentary work of Hymer and Kay is ignored.

Perhaps more serious is Professor Bauer's neglect of major development theory. While he attacks the "spurious consensus" for views it does not hold, few serious development economists are discussed or even cited. The onslaught on aid ignores the classic analysis in which Chenery and Strout explain how it should build "self-reliance" by so raising income as to enable the recipients to save enough to cover investment, and to export enough to finance imports. Arguments for interpersonal income equalization are dismissed as confused prejudices, without reference to the work of Adelman, Dalton, Lydall, or (outside economics) Runciman or Rawls. The alleged ethnic developmental handicaps of Indians are harped upon, without consideration of the enormous differences *within* India, where (as K. N. Raj has shown) rural growth in Madras has been as successful as in Taiwan, and in the Punjab as in Mexico.

Professor Bauer's ethnicity and seeming unfamiliarity with the literature, indeed, blind him to presumably congenial explanations of behaviour. Indians keep useless cattle alive largely in areas with poor pasture land without alternative uses. African farmers prefer "excessive" herds generally because the *yields* are private while the grazing *costs* are shared by the tribe. Ethnic explanations are residual, and need not be explored unless economic explanations have been considered and rejected.

Yet Professor Bauer *appears* to read widely. Conventional tributes to interdisciplinary work, and non-economic modish names, flit through his book. But are they the right ones? Kenneth Clark is a great connoisseur, but not of Indian art or its relation to Indian life. One imaginative Indian writer is quoted: not Premchand, R. S. Narayan or Mulk Raj Anand, but Tagain and again) *their* Malcolm Muggeridge, Nirad Chaudhuri, whose contempt for his kinsmen is no more typical or revealing than that of the "reichstolze Juden" who said in Germany in the 1930s, "Wir sind unser Unglück." T. Szasz, a psychologist who opposes the treatment of the mentally ill as quasi-Fascist, is cited, but not Durganand Sinha, who is interested in how Indian villagers think and respond. Professor Bauer degrades anthropology into a naive and unfruitful ethnicity, but shows no sign of familiarity with major modern anthropologists such as Meillassoux, Mayer, Firth or Bailey, who analyse why people in groups behave as they do in poor countries.

Professor Bauer, then, misinterprets his opponents, and fails to read for (at least to give) the evidence. What of the logic of his own argument? It has some curious features. From page 219 we have italicized five favourite devices, used in quick succession: the word-slide, the persuasive definition, the unwarranted attribution of attitude, the false equation, and the false dichotomy:

> Meliorism is a dictionary term. . . . It denotes the *attitude, belief or even insistence* that we must all work *ceaselessly* for the improvement of the human condition. Meliorists *take for granted their own ability and right . . . to neglect or assess the cost of improvement*. In the field of scholarship they emphasize that the proper concern is with practical results, *that is* with direct improvement of the human condition *rather than* with the advancement of learning or understanding of phenomena.

Is it self-caricature thus to defend pure scholarship (or to defend discrimination among people by conflation of words and meanings (") society without distinction, differentiation and discrimination, except between subject and ruler, would be mere akin to that of the insects"). These are not the only resources of logical rhetoric. Professor Bauer loves to give words like "planning", "compulsion" and "industrialization" extreme interpretations in order to attack their advocates, as elsewhere to argue that such words are so ill-defined as to be useless as concepts. Furthermore, especially in discussing climate, he slides between defining an environmental condition as *relevant* to development (and requiring consideration as such) and as *determining* the level, rate or direction of development.

Professor Bauer's own logic often as dubious as these rhetorical devices to pin illogic on others. "In addition of some recipients to serve even . . . soft loans" probably suggests not "that the return . . . was extremely low, perhaps even zero or negative" (what a splendid word-slide) but that the returns could not be used to earn or save foreign currency, or were private and inappropriable by the borrowing government—points Professor Bauer elsewhere recognizes. The usual measurement of the terms of trade is preferable to Professor Bauer's proposal, which conflates the effects of changes in unit purchasing power from a country's exports and of rising productivity in making them. It does not follow that because some recipient policies "impoverish their own countries' other aid recipients", one can conclude that "need plainly does not offer a worthwhile argument or a sensible criterion for aid": because some needy people use gifts unwisely should future gifts be distributed randomly between the needy and the affluent?

Deafness in dialogue, ignorance, neglect of relevant evidence, illogic, logic-chopping, rhetorical scholarship—all this would matter little for a lesser man than Professor Bauer. His great talents, no less than his repeated (and not wholly unjustified) assignment of most of his colleagues' work to an "intellectual slum", demand high and self-critical standards. Perhaps the study of poverty imposes no moral obligations; but it does at least unnesthetic, as millions of hungry daily, to spin out of the miseries webs of aggressive but faulty reasoning.

# Getting away from the conquerors

**N. B. HARTE (Editor):**
**The Study of Economic History**
Collected Inaugural Lectures 1893-1970.
390pp. Cass. £4.20.

**ELIAS H. TUMA:**
**Economic History and the Social Sciences**
316pp. University of California Press. £5.25.

From virtual non-existence a hundred years ago economic history has become a recognized academic discipline in almost every British university, and as the only branch of history to achieve independent status it has been, and remains, one of the most productive fields of scholarship. As N. B. Harte points out in his introduction, the history of the subject has yet to be written. However, his enterprise in collecting together 21 inaugural lectures goes some way towards remedying the deficiency and provides an admirable guide to an understanding of the scope of the subject and its development".

Dr. Harte's own contribution makes a lively survey of the subject's growth from its origins in the works of Petty, Graunt, Houghton and other seventeenth-century scholars and later contributions such as Sinclair's *History of the Public Revenue*, Eden's *State of the Poor*, and Porter's *Progress of the Nation*. It is surprising, however, that Dr Harte omits to mention the plea of Arthur Young—not himself an historically-inclined writer—for more attention to be given to the history of the economy as a relief from the dreary military details of "a detestable set of men, called conquerors, heroes and great generals" with which history books were loaded. When the subject finally began to develop as an academic discipline in the later nineteenth century, the pioneers like Thorold Rogers, Arnold Toynbee, W. J. Ashley and Cunningham still had to struggle against the anti-historical bias of most classical economists on the one hand and the anti-economic bias of most historians on the other. And in that bias there was an element of scorn: the economists treating history as frivolous or irrelevant, and the traditional historians, from their lofty intellectual eminence, viewing economic history as concerned solely with dung and drains.

By their very nature, inaugural lectures seem to involve an inevitable repetitiveness (as, for example, in the rather frequent references to Adam Smith). Nevertheless, the views of such giants as Sir John Clapham, Sir George Clark and Tawney must always command interest and provide intriguing contrasts. Clapham spoke of the subject's "ill-defined territory . . . lying along the frontiers of history and economics"; Tawney plumped for the broad conception of the "life of a society". What was the subject's claim to notice? Economic history was not the most important but the most fundamental, said Chambers, quoting from Clapham, and Sir George Clark found it hard to resist the temptation of claiming King Alfred as the first economic historian. It is curious that T. S. Ashton's reference to the subject's concern with the "living framework" of society should echo Clapham's description of the economic historian as "a sort of ostiologist, a collector" and student of historical bones". There are many other memorable phrases: J. J. Fisher lamented the decline of the old-style monograph—"a thin rivulet of text meandering through wide and lush meadows of footnotes"—a change resulting from economic progress, for it was "one of the eternal verities of history that as societies become wealthy they are no longer able to afford pleasures that were well within their reach when they were poor".

Elias Tuma's study may lack the polished elegance of the inaugural masterpiece but he deals in greater depth with the development and present situation of economic history. His terms of reference, too, are wide, enabling him to discuss the contributions of European and American scholars, and he brings into his orbit the problematical relationships between the subject and other social sciences.

An important part of the book is taken up by an appraisal of the "new economic history, with its extensive use of econometric theory, application of econometric tools and statistical techniques, and its precise formulation of models and introduction of the counter-factual hypothesis". Although the traditional historians can be faulted for failing to clarify their objectives and for making generalizations too imprecise to be verifiable, Professor Tuma rallies to their defence: he argues that despite the criticisms commonly made of them, traditional historians have indeed been selective in the use of data, have made at least implicit use of models or frameworks for systematic analysis, and (unlike the new economic historians) have avoided hypothetical estimates.

It has to be recognized that because of the length of the periods examined and the variability of human behaviour, economic history does not lend itself to the simplifications possible in other social sciences. It is improbable, therefore, that even the sophisticated tools of the new economic historians will make it possible to achieve significantly cleaner results:

> the problems the new economic historians blame on their predecessors are essentially inherent in the study of human behaviour. The new economic historians, like their counterparts in other social sciences, cannot solve their problems by wishful thinking nor by blaming them on the weaknesses of the more traditional scholars. They must show the viability of the new approach and their capability of better explaining human behaviour.

Professor Tuma's book is clearly argued, cautious, careful: the discussion of rival views well-balanced and the conclusions sensibly restrained.




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# Profoundly meaningful

**NOAM CHOMSKY:**
**Studies on Semantics in Generative Grammar**
207pp. Mouton. Distributed by Colibri, PO Box 482, The Hague. 24fl.

This is a collection of three papers, all of which either have appeared or will appear in volumes competing for the same specialized market. One has indeed been published twice already. In preparing the present version, Chomsky's own efforts appear to have been rather less than might be expected. One would have thought, in particular, that he would have seized the opportunity to update his references. At the time of writing just under half the items were in fact unpublished: thus in the third paper sixteen are referred to by a date and title only. But of these well over a third have subsequently appeared, often in 1970 and in one case as early as 1969. Surely these details should have been filled in? One would also have welcomed a proper analytic index instead of the bare index of terms which is in fact provided. As an example of scholarly production this book is to be discouraged.

Chomsky's reputation may, however, be thought to transcend such humdrum carping. And the topic, at least, is of major interest within the transformationalist school of linguistics. In his *Aspects of the Theory of Syntax* (1965), and still as late as his *Language and Mind* (1968), Chomsky was playing with a very simple relationship between the syntactic and semantic sections of his grammar. The syntax of a sentence had two aspects, a deep structure and a surface structure, and its so-called "semantic representation" was assigned on the basis of the deep structure alone. Correspondingly, its "phonetic representation" was assigned solely on the basis of surface structure. Indeed in another monograph "deep" and "surface" were established by definition in precisely this sense.

Nowadays no prominent transformationalist still supports this model, except conceivably Jerrold Katz (who originally proposed it). But there is little agreement about the alternative. Surface structure, to be sure, remains fixed; it has become the sacred cow of contemporary American linguistics. But the status of deep structure is more precarious. According to one group, the notion is unnecessary and indeed a hindrance: instead of specifying or generating structures at this level (which must then be "interpreted" semantically by rules which apply subsequently), the grammar should begin by generating semantic representations directly. Those are then, one might say, "interpreted" syntactically. For obvious reasons this view is referred to by the label "generative semantics".

Chomsky himself does not accept the arguments which this group puts forward. He believes, in any case, that the difference is far less than they say. how can it affect the grammar, in substance, if we merely "take the semantics first" instead of the syntax? At the same time, he himself has moved in almost the reverse direction. He is now convinced that both surface and deep structures are the basis for semantic representations; this is really a return to a position which he only briefly abandoned. He is also prepared to reverse a number of specific analyses. In earlier transformational grammar, pairs such as *John refused* and *John's refusal* were assigned the same deep structure. The generative semanticists would indeed go further and say, for example, that *John's death* and *So-and-so killed John* are likewise related; a large part of their case is that apparent lexical units (such as *death* or *refusal*) are not the basic elements of the grammar. But for Chomsky *refusal*, as such, need no longer be related to *refuse* at all—not syntactically, that is. There are two different deep structures: in one *John* is the subject of a verb and in the other, as it were, the subject of a noun.

This conservative note is very welcome, particularly when one compares the reckless novelties which are put about by younger members of the school. But how far is Chomsky willing to pursue it? The treatment of *John's refusal* is in part a betrayal of his own principles: it is the essence of transformational analysis that if two constructions show the same semantic relationships (thus *John* is the logical subject of both clause and noun-phrase; *infinity's refusal* is odd for the same reason as *Infinity refused*, and so on), therefore they must be syntactically related. This new analysis is closer, in particular, to Jespersen's well-known theory of nexus and nexus-substantives. In that theory, in effect, the functional relations were taken as primitive.

Again, why separate "deep" and "surface" unless, in fact, the former has some special connexion with the semantics? The present volume is confined to technical polemics within the transformational school. The apparatus of phrase-structure and transformational rules is simply taken for granted. So also is the controversial notion of "semantic representation": It is assumed that we can describe the "meaning" of a sentence, independently of particular utterance, in terms which parallel the description of its phonetics. Of course, Chomsky makes clear that these are assumptions only. But in recent years transformational grammar has got into something of a mess; on this all protagonists seem agreed. Is it not time to look again at even the most established features of the theory?

# Deciding what to speak

**JOAN RUBIN and BJORN H. JERNUDD (Editors):**
**Can Language be Planned?**
343pp. University of Hawaii Press. $12.

"Language planning" is the deliberate planning and promotion of specified types of change in the use and structure of languages. In many nations, not least those usually known as "developing" ones, this is a highly topical, and indeed vital business. At the same time, linguists and even administrators are becoming more sophisticated about its risks. They are becoming more aware of the need for a stringently rational approach when looking for alternative language-plans and weighing the relative merits and perils of different solutions.

In such processes, linguistic considerations in the narrow sense are only one of the factors. We are now returning to the age-old, common-sense view that language is not merely a code for communication but also a very powerful social force. Our forecasts in language-planning must include a vast range of social, political, economic, religious, demographic and psychological considerations, as well as many technical linguistic ones. Even then, many of the forces involved will remain unpredictable: the market values of languages, and of linguistic features at different levels within each language, inevitably fluctuate on the world's many exchanges.

And as Joshua Fishman has put it, language planning also has its own built-in dialectic between goals such as modernization, unification, and tradition: every decision involves a compromise. Therefore the translation of linguistic sentiments into action has often proved more difficult than zealous reformers have thought or admitted. Once the genie is out of the bottle, appalling numbers of hours may be spent by generations of children and adults in the pursuit of linguistic drills which may pay very slight dividends to the majority of their victims. If language-planning seems to meet a real need, very large groups of people may be eager enough to pay the heavy price of learning and adopting new linguistic patterns and habits. It is up to the planners to guarantee that they do not do so in vain.

As the burden of responsibility grows heavier, language planners should improve their skills. As one step in this process, language-planning ought to be recognized as a special branch of sociolinguistics. It ought to develop its own explicit rationale and theory, which should be closely linked to those of a host of related disciplines. And it ought to seek support from a mass of case-studies and empirical evidence showing what has and what has not been achieved in certain types of situation with certain kinds of measure. Obviously, it merits its own scholarly channels of communication in the form of conferences, books and journals.

This, then, is the background of *Can Language Be Planned?*. In 1968-69, under the inspiration of Joshua Fishman, four scholars—including the two dedicated editors of this book—joined forces at the East-West Centre of the Institute of Advanced Projects in Hawaii to study language-planning and in April, 1969, a number of experts met at Honolulu for a conference on language-planning processes. They came from several different disciplines and were acquainted with language policies in several different parts of the world. The papers in the present collection are revised versions of those read and discussed at their meeting.

The eighteen essays fall into four groups; the motivation of language policies; case studies of language-planning in Ireland, Israel, the Philippines, East Africa, Turkey, Indonesia, and Pakistan; general theories and approaches; research strategies for the future. Generally, the focus is on the present, facing forward. Those whose interests lie in the past history of language-planning must consult other sources but they too will profit from the theoretical discussions.

The book is a success. The theoretical sections may seem weighed down by the jargon of the social sciences, but what is more important is that they pay healthy respect to the varying demands of each situation, and particularly to cost analysis. The case-study section is admirably concrete and obviously based on a wealth of up-to-date, firsthand experience, though it would have been good to have a study of a number of language-planning systems in Europe, from the establishment of standard Finnish in the North-East to the development of Portuguese-and-Brazilian spelling in the South-West. There might also have been a more detailed discussion of the contrastive and pedagogical aspects of language-planning. One of the book's great assets is its set of select bibliographies.

Sociolinguistics once teemed with libertarians, who proclaimed the supremacy of usage and the futility of language-planning. But societies differ in their tolerance of linguistic variation and their readiness to submit to language-planning, and this is becoming increasingly recognized. The pendulum is now swinging towards a more balanced position between libertarianism and belief in the virtues of centralized, rigidly institutionalized language controls. We must learn to assess the benefits of sensible language-planning in each specific situation, without dismissing the role of actual usage. And we must learn to apply this enlightened compromise for rational language-planning as a crucially important step in the building of the future.


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TIMES PAST
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# Viewpoint

## BY PETER PORTER

IT SEEMS TO ME that the three main parties to the Contract of Art can be called the *Three Cs*—the Creator, the Critic and the Consumer. Communication begins with a C also, but I unhesitatingly push him aside. Obviously, the Critic, though he still enjoys a formidable and well-rewarded role in society, especially in the universities, is the least important of the trio—a bridge, a Good Food Guide, a Village Explainer, a Middleman, even a Creator manqué. Knocking critics sounds well when Stravinsky does it; the rest of us should not forget the carping part of ourselves. The Creator is the origin of everything that matters, the works of art themselves, yet it is not him but the Consumer I wish to celebrate. Amid the ego-feasts of the Creators, how pleasant it is to be a Consumer, a reader of poetry and fiction, a listener to music, a viewer of pictures and plays.

Creators of every level of talent, including none at all, are always asking their comrades to join them against the stupid public (the Consumers) and the parasitic commentators (the Critics). Whenever the Arts Council sets up a panel to consider the problems facing Creative Artists—how best to pay them, promote their works and interest the public—hordes of people turn up, some of whom have never accepted the least discipline in their creative work, and thunder about the sanctity of creation and denounce almost every other person involved in the social contract. As the Disney cartoon puts it—"the world owes me a living". Certainly if you intend to make your way in the confusion of modern taste, the role of Creator is the easiest to assume, since it requires no very tangible supporting evidence. This is where the old concept of the market often worked in favour of good art—at least somebody wanted the stuff. Today art is all too obviously subsidized into existence, and then lives for the rest of its life in Limbo. I am not against Arts Council grants—it would be almost impossible for serious art to exist without them. And I have no objection to spending money on fun buses, water carnivals and People Shows. They at least avoid the official deadliness of middlebrow concerts in honour of the Common Market. But if I were woken from sleep by the Recording Angel and asked to justify myself, I would say that I was a Good Consumer, and be prouder of the title than of any other I could aspire to. I would claim to have done my duty by the world's inheritance of great art, and also by my own capacity for pleasure and enjoyment. This is almost the only human faculty which continues to grow throughout life. And the Pleasure Principle alone is not bound by the idea of progress or of historical necessity, and licenses us to move freely in a permanent museum where miraculously everything is alive. In one day recently I moved from Wallace Stevens's poem "Extracts from Addresses to the Academy of Fine Ideas" (which although next door to "Asides on the Oboe", one of my favourite poems, I had somehow never ready to Bach's Cantata No 20 to Dyce's painting of "Pegwell Bay", which was at the Whitechapel Gallery. All new experiences and all beautiful ones, and plenty more where they come from.

Ah, but no modern discoveries, someone will say; merely lifting the dust covers off pieces which were probably well enough known to everyone else. But each person has to hear the "Jupiter" Symphony for the first time, however remote Mozart may be from the stylistic dilemmas of today's avant-garde. Besides, the proportion of brand new works in one's table of excitements is not shamefully low. Art didn't stop short at anyone's cultivated Count—reading Geoffrey Hill's *Mercian Hymns* is an experience similar in kind to reading Traherne, but one that's more engaging for the poems' being freshly-minted.

This is where I come to my difficult bridge passage: the wholehearted Consumer is not inhibited from Creation by the Pantheon he has in his mind. The better he enjoys, the better he can make. It's true that the great artists of the past moved surefootedly through their lives producing a prodigality of masterpieces and seeming to waste no time on scholarship or other men's work, yet they too didn't create *ab ovo*, but, being such superb synthesizers, turned everything they knew to full advantage in their own art. I distrust all sophisticated Creators who are jaded by Consuming, and who advocate a *tabula rasa* on which we will start the game all over again.

Perhaps I have been saying only that good art lasts and that most of the art of one's own day is bound to be winnowed savagely by time. But it is the attitude of the modern Creator that worries me. Almost as if he were aware of his slight chance of lasting, he repudiates the very principle itself in favour of a revolutionary broth of egotism and expendability. Yet he expects the public to grant him the favours it really owes to the pleasure-givers of the past—as if I were to collect Keats's royalties or one of my composer friends Schubert's PRS payments. Creators are no more a fraternity than Consumers, and they should moderate their strutting and complaining.

There is a passage in Auden's poem "The Truest Poetry is the Most Feigning" which expresses my feelings best. Talking about the odd kinds of girl who may inspire the poet, he writes:

> Yours may be old enough to be
> your mother,
> Or have one leg that's shorter
> than the other,
> Or play Lacrosse or do the Modern
> Dance,
> To you that's destiny, to us it's
> chance;

That last line sums up the whole case. The sense of destiny which makes a Creator suffer for his art is a matter of chance to his landlord or his girl friend, and even to the man who applauds him after his death. It would be more honest for the modern poet to say outright to the public "if you like Keats, pay me" than to pose as an Early Warning System or to flourish his Wound and his Bow. Meanwhile, Public Libraries and the Music Programme will continue to be the biggest blacklegs in the business and the Creator will be found, incognito, enjoying the forbidden pleasures of Consuming.

* * *

I suppose King Tutankhamun's gold mask is the most familiar icon in London at the moment. The Pharaoh's burial suite seems to appeal to people of all ages and interests. It takes me back to my childhood, when Nestlés in Australia enclosed cards in their chocolate bars illustrating the Ancient World, and I first saw King Tut's impassive gold and lapis lazuli features in 1930s out-of-register colour printing. Ancient History became and remained my favourite youthful interest, and via the *National Geographical Magazine*'s elaborate reconstructions of the cities of the Fertile Crescent and Breasted's famous textbook, I followed the rise and fall of the Sumerian and Semitic civilizations. Greece and Rome interested me less.

One book in particular I am very grateful for, since it led to my interest in fiction, not just in fact. This was Rider Haggard's novel, *Moon of Israel*. I haven't read it since childhood, though partial recall suggests it was indifferently plotted and badly written. It told the story of the Jewish Exodus from Egypt, and, as always with Haggard, it got most of its facts right. For instance, the Nineteenth Dynasty Pharaoh who enslaves the Israelites is not Rameses II but his son Merenptah, who is the modern Egyptologists' choice also (though I think Haggard calls him Meneptah—spelling of Egyptian names hadn't been reformed at the turn of the century and Haggard uses older styles like Seti for Sethos and Amenhotep for Amenophis). *Moon of Israel*, though it belongs to a period in Haggard's career when he was out of favour with the critics, had one passionate admirer, Rudyard Kipling. Kipling also credited Haggard with having inspired the *Jungle Books* by his Zulu novel *Nada the Lily*. This was the next Haggard novel I read and I still believe it is a masterpiece, his greatest achievement and one of the finest novels of the nineteenth century. Haggard was a great collector of facts and eye-witness accounts, and the energy he put into assisting the annexation of the Transvaal and endeavouring to reform farming at home was employed to better purpose in his reconstruction of Zulu imperialism. Nada is the beautiful girl loved and lost by the warrior Umslopogaas (who makes an earlier appearance as an old soldier of fortune in the novel, *Allan Quatermain*). But the book's protagonists are all members of the Royal House of the Zulus, notably the tyrant Chaka and his deceitful brother Dingaan. It is told by the Witch Doctor Mopo and includes such incidental figures as Umslopogaas's friend, Galazi the Wolf Man, who inspired Kipling's Mowgli. In *Nada the Lily*, Haggard performed the remarkable feat of creating an epic about a civilization which white men of his day knew almost nothing about and tended to despise. It took this administrator and imperialist to gauge where the last inheritance of Homer lay. The events are not mythical, being set in the decade after the Napoleonic War, but they have a greater grandeur and pathos than Fenimore Cooper's more literary stories about the American Indians.

*Nada the Lily* suggests what the Aegean epics might have been like if they had not been polished by Homer. Haggard's Zulus have more in common with Homer's Achaeans than Virgil's trudging Trojans have. The very barbarity of *Nada the Lily*, with its *Impis* "washing their spears in blood", its magic rituals and its initiation ceremonies should lead to a renewal of the book's popularity in these days of witchcraft magazines and organized genocide. According to Morton Cohen on Rider Haggard, the R. *Budget* disliked his bloodi especially. "He must wipe *impi* or two every morning breakfast, devise new mas massacre as he chips his eg through gore at luncheon. Haggard was only serving loved facts: epics had been schoolroom so long litera had forgotten that the blood was real. Haggard shared fondness for the occult for adventure story writers' thinking of Conan Doyle ling also), and his worst boo those which indulge it. S dreadful story, even though took it seriously.

The Rider Haggard corp to over sixty volumes and read only part of it, but three at least have not faded—*Lily, Allan Quatermain* and *Solomon's Mines*. Nor has H lacked admirers among writers very different order, as G Greene's essay in *The Lost hood* proves. Other unexpected utes come from Gilbert K C. S. Lewis and Henry Mill final oddity about Rider H very appropriate to an E starved of beef and on the the EEC—we owe it to his that the meat in our c marked with its country of is curious that he and Kipling foresaw that geography was about the eclipse of B Britain, not decadence or will. Both were bad historians talent lay in telling stories, a wrote his masterpiece ab people utterly unlike the Brit exalted.

* * *

Writing the passage about Rider Haggard brought back other memories of books childhood, especially those because they were fash among adults in the 1930s them are rubbish, but strang ticing rubbish. If I had kn word *kitsch* then, I could applied it to them, especially had a charm which today literary best-sellers lack. I hold name them quickly: Axel M *The Story of San Michele*, T Wilder's *Bridge of San Lu* Hervey Allen's *Anthony A* and three saccharine pieces *miserie* by the Italian Daniele who wrote in English. I doubt anybody in England today *The Maker of Heavenly Tr The Gate of Happy Sparr The Temple of Costly Eyes*. These coyly erotic (and accounts of life in the Peking hold of a middle-aged, E speaking Italian married to young wife gave me my first feelings derived from reading tirely corrupting. I am stu extraordinarily welcome at th of eleven. I imagine the core orientalism of Han and the tea-chest of philosop Lin Yutang did for Vate's Chinese pornography, to say of Californian Zen; the *I Ch* Chairman Mao.

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*Ukranian peasants' tea room at Kharkov, maintained by the authorities for peasants coming into town from their villages.*

# Bolsheviks and peasants

THE STORY of the Russian peasantry in the first decade after the revolution of 1917 is full of reversals of fortune, and full of pitfalls, as Teodor Shanin is keenly aware. The Stolypin reform of 1908 had sought to weaken the authority of the *mir*, or traditional peasant community, by encouraging the most enterprising and efficient peasants to contract out of it, and set up as independent small farmers. It was a bold plan to modernize the structure of Russian agriculture. What would happen to the mass of weaker peasants who remained in the enfeebled *mir* was not very seriously considered. Those who could not keep afloat would have to work as laborers on the farms of their more prosperous neighbours, or starve, or emigrate to America—or perhaps to Siberia.

Steps had been taken towards the settlement of a million or more independent peasants when war supervened and reduced the Russian countryside to confusion.

**TEODOR SHANIN:**
**The Awkward Class**
Political Sociology of Peasantry in a Developing Society: Russia 1910-1925.
253pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £4.50.

The revolution gave the peasants their heads, with results that the Bolsheviks could not, and hardly attempted to, control. The landlords' estates were looted and taken over. So far, so good. But the Stolypin holdings disappeared also, virtually overnight, and were reabsorbed into the *mir*. The puzzle is, as Mr Shanin points out, is that this happened apparently without resistance. The independent peasant abandoned his independence and resumed his place as a leader of the *mir*. Peasant solidarity had asserted itself against the landlord—but also against attempts by the government to organize it from the outside.

The paradoxical result of the revolution was therefore to restore and confirm, through the initiative of the peasants themselves, the authority of a traditional peasant institution which "liberals" and "progressives", even under the last of the Tsars, had come to regard as an obstacle to agricultural reform and to the modernization of the economy. And this was the fundamental problem of a revolutionary regime which had seized power in the cities and military centres of a country of whose population more than 80 per cent were peasants who had never seen a town. In the 1920s a few Bolsheviks still believed that the *mir* could be won over, and used as an instrument for the establishment of Soviet rule in the countryside. But the party leaders more cogently—like Stolypin before them—recognized the tightly knit, inward-looking peasant community as a barrier to any substantial reform of the present economy, or of the national economy as a whole.

Lenin, from the beginning of his career, had brought his Marxist learning to bear on the fundamental problem of the peasant. He believed that capitalism—in the form of a market economy—had already begun to impinge on Russian peasant life; that this must bring with it a process of "differentiation" between the rich and successful peasant and the unsuccessful indigent; and that this would eventually produce an oppressed and exploited rural proletariat, which, in alliance with the urban proletariat and under its leadership, would carry the revolution to the Russian countryside. This came to constitute, as Mr Shanin points out, rigid framework of party doctrine. But Lenin was quite as much of a pragmatist in his attitude to the peasantry as to other practical problems; and, in the famous "April theses" of 1917 (a passage which Mr Shanin does not quote), he was notably cautious: "We cannot say exactly how profound is the class cleavage within the peasantry. . . . Such questions can be decided only by experience."

The issue was not doctrinal but practical. The peasantry, in the anarchy of the revolution, had taken things into its own hands with the connivance of the revolutionary leaders (who, indeed, could do nothing about it). How could the newly-fledged regime, run by a pre-eminently urban party with few rural members and no rural experience, impose itself on the "dark", primitive, and formidable mass of peasants? "Divide and rule" was a precept older than Marxism. The obvious tactic was to divide the peasantry, and to seek friends and auxiliaries in its ranks; and this, in the light of what had happened in the towns and of the whole revolutionary ethos, could only be among the poorer peasants. But the "committees of poor peasants" set up in the summer of 1918 proved a hopeless failure; they lasted less than six months. The attempt to establish village Soviets to counteract, and eventually to take over the authority of the *mir* was scarcely more successful. It persisted throughout the 1920s, but, with all the power of the Government behind it, did not really shake the loyalty of the peasant to the *mir*.

The introduction in 1921 of the New Economic Policy—a concordat with the peasantry as a whole—solved the immediate crisis of peasant discontent and incipient revolt. It lasted for five or six years. During this time, the wounds of the revolution and civil war had healed. The habits of normal life, and some measure of prosperity, had returned to the towns. The party had consolidated its power, and its bolder spirits were eager to press forward to the first goal of the revolution—the industrialization and socialization of the economy.

But the peasants, also, had recovered from their own nightmare of famine and devastation. Harvests had been good; the well-to-do peasant had accumulated grain stocks in his barns. Everyone was reassured and ready to settle down into the old ways. The upheaval produced by a massive programme of industrialization would be stubbornly resisted. The clash between the innovating processes of the revolution and the traditional peasant way of life enshrined in the *mir*, which had been apparent in the early days of the revolution, now emerged in an embittered and intensified form. The way was open to the tragic battlefield of collectivization.

This complex (and increasingly desperate) situation provided throughout the 1920s a field-day for economists and statisticians. The party economists (supported by surviving economists of the old "classical" school who had been behind Stolypin) demonstrated with a wealth of statistics that the gap was widening between the well-to-do and the poorer peasants. The statisticians were extremely resourceful. Since correct estimates of income were elusive, and areas of land held misleading implications, such items as the possession of animals and implements, and amounts of land leased and labour employed, were drawn into their calculations.

All this was enough to show that a substantial number of peasants had grown richer under NEP. This was, after all, a natural result of reopening a free market for grain; and, when serious requisitions began again early in 1928, the well-to-do peasants had large stocks of grain in their barns. But it was not enough to show that this was the sole, or even the predominant, trend. Now were these calculations, as Mr Shanin suggests, primarily the product of a rigid adherence to Marxist dogma. They were offered in aid of a policy. If masses of the peasantry were in fact impoverished and discontented, they could be mobilized as allies against the wealthier peasants. Failing this, the prospects seemed—and were—grim.

An alternative analysis seized on the fact that the unit in the Russian countryside was not the individual peasant, but the family household or *dvor*. The size and composition of the *dvor* was constantly changing; the number of workers had to be adjusted to the number of mouths to be fed. Moreover, land-holdings were subject to periodic (in some places, annual) readjustments and redistributions by the *mir*, so that, along with economic factors favouring differentiation, an automatic levelling process was going on between *dvors*. In so far as this analysis had political implications, it reflected the old Populist vision of a self-contained peasant Russia consisting of equal family farms clustered round the *mir*, impervious to the turmoil of capitalism and the modern world. In the twelve years after the revolution, the number of *dvors* increased by something like fifty per cent. The causes and consequences of this increase, probably due to social as much as to economic changes, have never been thoroughly investigated. There may well not be adequate material for a full inquiry.

Finally, NEP inspired yet a third school of statisticians, who argued that the tendencies towards differentiation and levelling ultimately cancelled one another out, and that both neglected other factors—variations of climate and weather, changing terms of trade, fiscal policy and even "random oscillations"—all of which were seen as promoting cyclical or levelling movements rather than basic change. This analysis denied both the theory of differentiation between upper and lower

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strata, and the view that the regime had anything to gain by promoting it, and encouraged the NEP view of the peasantry as a homogeneous whole. In political terms, it favoured the indefinite prolongation of NEP, shying away from the dilemmas this would give rise to.

Mr Shanin has expounded these different types of statistical analyses in great detail, with full reference to the sources, in a way that will make his study very valuable to students of the subject. He himself is a fervent champion of the NEP analysis, which he calls "multifactorial" and "multidirectional". But his argument reveals some of the weaknesses, as well as the merits, of this method. Not only does it lead to no positive conclusion—only to a refutation of other methods—but it inspires scepticism of the validity of the whole statistical approach. What the Marxists and Populists tried to do was to isolate a single factor which they regarded as crucial and dominant, though it need not have been the only factor at work. But an analysis which professes to be comprehensive is always open to the reproach that it is not comprehensive enough. Can one put much faith in "multifactorial" analysis which omits such factors as the extensive migration to the towns, the increase in the number of *dvors*, the wide variations in geographical configurations and types of cultivation, the introduction of more modern implements and techniques?

Consciously or unconsciously, Mr Shanin in his last two chapters, which are devoted to a sensible though rather unsystematic review of the conflicts in rural society under NEP, seems to feel something of the same scepticism. He drops altogether the statistical preoccupations of the central part of the book, and nearly everything he writes is unaffected by them. It is indisputable that the peasantry, in defiance of Soviet hopes and expectations, presented an almost unbroken front of resistance to pressures from above. But Mr Shanin's assumption that this was somehow connected with what he calls "the absence of socio-economic differentiation" in the peasantry remains unproved.

There is plenty of evidence to show that differentiation did exist, that the poorer peasant was conscious of his dependence on his more prosperous neighbours, and was prudently willing to follow their lead. But this was just as compatible with increasing, as with diminishing, differentiation. It is true that Bolshevik and Soviet leaders "lacked a perception of the real social processes going on in the Russian countryside", but this was not because they lacked statistics or used the wrong statistics, but because statistics were irrelevant. The problem they faced was the age-long problem of the opposition of conservative agriculture to innovatory industrial interests, of country to town. It was not a problem that could be solved by quantification.

Two minor criticisms may be made. Mr Shanin, anxious to establish his credentials as a sociologist, finds it necessary to flaunt what is no doubt the most up-to-date technical jargon. The widening or narrowing of the gap in wealth between different strata of the population is not a difficult concept. What is gained by wrapping it up in the guise of "centrifugal or centripetal mobility", even when we get reminders like "centripetal (levelling)" and "egalitarian (centripetal)", both on the same page, and a nice diagram, twice over, with arrows and circles to explain the difference between centripetal, centrifugal and cyclical mobility? Take a passage like the following:

> The rural outsiders to a Russian peasant commune could be classified by a three-fold typology: neighbours, strangers, and plenipotentiaries . . . . Plenipotentiary outsiders would be agents of external centres of power acting as their rural transmission belts.

It all means something that could be said so much more simply and clearly.

The other criticism relates to some rather flimsy philosophical underpinning. The Marxists are accused of "economic determinism" and the Populists of "biological determinism", determinism being, of course, a dirty word. But to say that process A leads to result X is no more deterministic than to say that processes A, B, C and D taken together produce X; and Mr Shanin on this showing must be convicted of some kind of cyclic determinism.

The practical point is different. To isolate a single significant cause of a phenomenon is often the first necessary step towards doing something about it. Blunders are only to be expected; those who sought to demonstrate statistically the impending split in the Russian peasantry made a tragic blunder—not least in thinking that statistics could settle the issue. But the method itself is not wrong, and may in essence be less "deterministic", or at any rate less fatalistic, than the belief that since multiple causes—some of them purely random and accidental—are at work, nothing much could be done about it. Mr Shanin has given us an excellent review of the statistical controversy, and shed interesting side-lights on Russian rural life in the period (including an illuminating appendix on peasant laws of inheritance); and his book is very welcome on that account. But the main conclusions leave us just about where we were.

# To the Editor

## F. D. Maurice

Sir,—In the article in the *TLS* "The Search for a Christian Society" (June 23) your reviewer comments that Maurice "would not have approved" of the practice of "preparing girls for the universities and every kind of professional training". I would like to ask the writer on what evidence this assertion is based, as it has greatly surprised us at Queen's College.

S. C. P. HERZ.
Principal, Queen's College, 43-49 Harley Street, London W1N 2BT.

❦ Our reviewer writes: "The Principal of Queen's College asks for the evidence of my comment that Maurice would not have approved of the practice of preparing girls for the universities and every kind of professional training. In paraphrasing part of my comment, she inadvertently misquotes me. What I said was: "preparing girls for the universities and every kind of professional training, a development which Maurice in 1848 would not have approved." I used the date and the word development deliberately because I wanted to show that a vital institution like Queen's College must and does evolve and that in doing so it can still draw inspiration from its founder while adopting policies which at its foundation he would not have approved. My authority for this statement is Maurice himself (as quoted by Olive Brose on page 200 of her book and also as quoted in *The Cause* by Ray Strachey, page 168). I give here the extract used in *The Cause* which is fuller than Miss Brose's. The date is 1855 and it comes from his "Lectures to Ladies on Practical subjects":

> I hope, by this language, I have guarded myself against the suspicion that I would educate ladies for the kind of laxity which belong to our professions. In America some are maintaining that they should take degrees and practice as physicians. I not only do not see my way to such a result; I not only should not think that any college I was concerned in should be leading to it; but I should think there could be no better reason for founding a college than to remove the slightest craving for such a state of things, by giving a more healthful direction to minds which might entertain it. The more pains we take to call forth and employ the faculties which belong characteristically to each sex, the less it will be intruding upon the province which, not the conventions of the world, but the will of God, has assigned to the other.

I certainly do not intend to suggest that Maurice did not desire the highest standard of cultural education for girls. He assuredly did. But he was violently opposed to the rat-race of examinations and competition for careers and felt that this was already corrupting the education of men and that girls must at all costs be saved from it. There is a revealing letter to Kingsley written much later in 1869 (*The Life* Vol 2, page 59):

> I do not know any man who has seriously thought of our present examination system who does not feel that it is undermining the physical, intellectual and moral life of young men, and that it may do this with even more terrible effect for girls, if they are admitted, as of course they should be, to all the privileges of the other sex. You must be aware of all the degrading talk about what will pay in an examination, which is heard at the Universities. . . . You know how parents and physicians alike groan over the loss of physical energy, and the shattering of the nerves which they see in young men who have either, succeeded or failed in their trials. And what is the reward? A writer in the *Cambridge University Gazette*, who possesses considerable experience, declared the other day that he could not get men to take any interest in Shakespeare unless there was a competitive examination in him, with a Tripos list!

> And for the girls! Will any of the accomplished medical men . . . justify the use of these racks for the limbs of daughters as well as sons? As far as they have yet gone, I believe the examinations, to which they have been submitted, have been merely honest tests of what they know without the sickening of competition. That I am satisfied will be the case at Cambridge while Mr Markby conducts the arrangements of them. But I do tremble lest the desire for equality should lead to their being equalled with us in fate more than in renown. This is really the heart of Maurice's position by 1869. He wanted girls to have the same educational privileges as men so long as these could be kept clear of the rat-race of degree and professional examinations.

## Isaac Deutscher

Sir,—I was glad to learn (June 30) that *The Tragedy of Polish Communism* by Isaac Deutscher had appeared in an English version as a Roneographed pamphlet, which Brian Pearce kindly sent me a few days ago.

May I take this opportunity to correct both your reviewer and Mr Pearce: the interview was given in 1957 (that is *after* the "Polish October") and was published in *Les Temps Modernes* in March, 1958.

TAMARA DEUTSCHER.
2a Kidderpore Gardens, London NW3 7SR.

## Designer Bookbinders

Sir,—I am grateful to your correspondent (June 23) for all his comments on my "Ecclesiastical" binding. Before using the letters of which he complains I had sent an impression of the whole alphabet to the Monotype Corporation asking if they could name the typeface as I myself was unable to do so. In his reply the Typographical Manager stated that he was unable to identify it with any particular face, some letters bearing a resemblance to Baskerville, some to Plantin. He concluded—as I rather anticipated—that it was a face designed especially for the bookbinder for tooling on leather.

I had available an alphabet of Bruce Rogers's "Centaur" face (a face I used on my two other bindings in the exhibition) whose letters were of suitable height but whose use in the confined space of this small binding was precluded due to the greater width of certain characters, notably the "M", "W" and "W". I could have used a smaller point size of "Centaur" but then I would not have achieved that "beautifully spaced all-over lettering" on which your correspondent kindly compliments me.

The typeface, in general, is designed for printing in ink on paper and not for tooling on leather, and it may be that the hand bookbinder needs a typeface especially designed for him, though even here there may be a difficulty: it is well known that any given typeface may be pleasing in its larger sizes but displeasing in its smaller, or vice versa. In short, as in many aspects of life, we have to do what I did in the case of "Ecclesiastica" — compromise, and this has not hindered the purchase of a binding by the Bibliothèque Royale de Belgique, Brussels.

On one small point, however, I must correct your correspondent who describes Sydney Cockerell as being a senior member of the group. The fact is that "The Old Man" of the Society, a jealously guarded title to which I lay claim can be proved by irrefutable documentary evidence!

H. J. D. YARDLEY.
Applethwaite, Minstead, Lyndhurst, Hampshire SO4 7FR.

Sir,—I am at a loss to understand the references to "a sad controversy" and "craft bookbinders, made by the reviewer of the current exhibition of Modern British Bookbindings at the Victoria and Albert Museum (June 23).

Your contributor misquotes and misinterprets Bernard Middleton's note in the catalogue, and goes on to name Roger Powell and Peter Waters as having resigned from Designer Bookbinders—thus implying that a division has occurred within the society. This is not so. Indeed, the main and the complimentary catalogues to the exhibition include the names of both these distinguished bookbinders in the membership lists of the society—the former as an honorary member, and the latter as permanently resident in the United States) as an associate member.

That your reviewer was, however, able to state that this exhibition "bears well for the future of bookbinding in this country" is to my mind wholly indicative of the fact that the principal British craft bookbinders have (although of varied persuasion) been able to work amicably together within the structure of what must now be one of the most important and influential bookbinding societies in the world.

IVOR ROBINSON,
President, Designer Bookbinders, 67 Upper Road, Kennington, Oxford.

## Perception

Sir,—It would appear to me that the controversy between advocates of passive and active theories of perception ("The way to the brain", June 23) is merely another of those amusing verbal bewitchments: a lot of huff and puff which leaves the discussion almost entirely vacuous.

It must surely be immediately apparent that whether one prefers "active" or "passive" these seeming polarities are in no way mutually contradictory, but are quite compatible definitions of different areas of the same explanation, and as such should not really occasion such contradistinctive expositions as the article. Seeing as thinking: an active theory of perception", by Richard Gregory. Certainly perception is an "active" process in the sense that it discriminatively supplements immediate sense-data with (usually) appropriate archival information, and is even predictive in the sense that unconscious extrapolations obviously take place.

But surely we do not suggest that these functions of the brain attain to such a degree of capriciousness and independence of action that they work *indiscriminately* upon us: would not this active process nevertheless be a consistent one in which consistent stimulus/response relationships could still be found? It seems to me an inevitable consequence of reflection on this matter that one will similarly conclude, as I do, that our learned antagonists have been arguing around hobgoblins that shouldn't really be there at all.

Surely the behaviourists may quite without cost concede that perception is an active process, and "activists" allow to no more disadvantage that their ideas accommodate the *discriminate* nature of the brain functions they suggest, for I would confidently submit that memory and extrapolation in perception are not so perverse that response or output would be so very different when the identical circumstance, the stimulus, is twice presented. If it were not so, if consistency did not prevail in these processes, then neither Richard Gregory nor anyone else would have been able to infer their existence in the first place.

MARTIN L. SHOUGH.
93 Crescent Drive North, Woodingdean, Brighton, Sussex.

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## Book Subscription Lists

Sir,—May I add something in support of Paul J. Korshin's letter (June 23) on multiple book subscriptions as a form of eighteenth-century literary patronage?

First, it is worth remarking that such subscriptions were not merely large purchases of copies, but a much more direct form of financial support. Gay writes to Addison (a letter which C. F. Burgess argues dates from December, 1713, and relates to the publication of *The Fan*): "Sir/I have sent you only two Copys of my Poems though by your Subscription you are entitled to ten, whatever Books you want more Tonson or Lintot upon your sending will deliver." It was definitely not Addison who had the *right* to all the copies he had paid for, but obviously he was not really expected to want more than one or two.

Secondly, Mr Korshin's use of Thomson's *The Seasons* (1730) with its dozen subscribers for multiple copies may tend to suggest a later emergence of the multiple subscription phenomenon than is the case. Even using his definition of more than two copies to qualify as a "patron" Pope did as well as Thomson with his much more expensive *Iliad* in 1715, and Prior attracted more than seventy "patrons" for his *Poems* of 1718.

Finally, multiple subscriptions far more than other traditional forms of patronage or normal forms of subscription offer a wealth of evidence for *degrees* of political support. In the massive demonstration which the Tories made for Prior in 1718 many seem to have been moved by their closeness to the fallen ministry, and the Whig support for Addison's posthumous *Works* (1721) offers even more in the way of nuance. Stanhope and Sunderland offer two and five copies respectively while Charles Stanhope tops the list with ten; Walpole, still a Whig after all, takes a single copy, but Viscountess Townshend is left to do the honours for her disgruntled lord.

I. M. TREADWELL.
36 Packington Street, London N1.

Sir,—The letter of Paul J. Korshin, (June 23), in which he discusses the value of subscription lists in books published before 1800, prompted me to look again at my copy of John Pine's Horace of 1733-37.

Apart from the usual crop of crowned heads, princes of the blood royal and Kurfürstian grand dukes, most of whom subscribed the price of one copy, there are several more interesting names in the list. Among the subscribers were Colley Cibber Esqr., P.L., Geo. Frederick Handel Esqr., Alex. Pope Esqr., Mr. Will. Hogarth Paintr.

The Revd. Dr. Burton of Winchester School is credited with ten copies. Are they still in the college library? Eton seems not to be mentioned and, indeed, Cyril Connolly, in *The Sunday Times* of July 19, 1970, implies that the college is still without a copy.

Booksellers from several foreign cities are well represented. M Gleditsch libraire a Lipsick subscribed for six copies, and M Hude libraire a Berlin for seven.

Among the subscribers to the second volume is the Revd Dr Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick.

I will not speculate about the motives of his Grace the Arch Bishop of Armagh, Lord Primate of Ireland who has fifty copies against his name.

STEVEN ST. CLAIR SMALLWOOD.
All Hallows, Cranmore Hall, Shepton Mallet, Somerset.

## Stefan Zweig

Sir, Your reviewer of my biography of Stefan Zweig, *European of Yesterday* (April 28), is entitled to his view that Zweig deserves to be forgotten—though I myself, in common with many others better qualified to judge, consider him misguided. He owes it to your readers, however, to give a fair summary of the intention of my book, which was clearly stated for him in the preface, and an assessment of how far that intention has been achieved, before proceeding (if he must) to misrepresent it to fit his own thesis.

To relate in detail the life-story of a man and writer is not necessarily to pronounce him great—a word which I don't recall using of Zweig, except to say that *some* of his works merit inclusion with the greatest of twentieth-century German literature. I claimed only that this complex and sensitive personality deserved describing and remembering in the context of the Europe of both yesterday and today, for which his "ideal of enlightened humanism", in your reviewer's words, is to my mind highly relevant. A fair review should surely state and assess the author's intention before concluding that the book need not have been written at all.

I do not, as it happens, share your reviewer's apparent contempt for the doctoral dissertation: for in spite of the decline in a "Doctor-industry" which seeks its subjects in ever-obscurer corners and more and more trivial subjects, not all aspirants to the cap are guilty. I incline therefore to take as a compliment his comparison of my book to "the archetypal doctoral dissertation". Be that as it may, I must take issue with the false syllogism implied in his review: "this subject is (deservedly) obscure; all doctoral dissertations have this kind of subject; therefore the author is a Doctor". The author, as a minimum of inquiry by your reviewer would have established, is not in fact a Doctor; and I would have thought the preface made abundantly clear that despite an apparatus of scholarship which I strove as the amateur I was then, to make as professional as possible, the book was not written as a dissertation.

DONALD PRATER.
Department of German, University of Canterbury, Christchurch 1, New Zealand.

## 'Mansfield Park'

Sir, To develop Ellen Jordan's point (June 23) a little further: an important element in Jane Austen's disapproval of amateur theatricals in *Mansfield Park* is that the play chosen (and, it is hinted, most others) too involved the characters in a situation or emotional encounter not permissible in life. Presumably taking the character of Mrs Candour for the duration of a game (I suppose the reference is to a game, and that the words were improvised in character by each player?) is not open to that objection. Sheridan's Mrs Candour would be the inspiration of the character but need not dictate everything she said or did.

Jane Austen's attitude to amateurs taking a part (as distinct from adopting a character) seems to be made clear in Edmund's comparison between the professional and the amateur in *Mansfield Park*, I. 13. To Julia's "Nobody loves a play better than you do, or can have gone much further to see one", Edmund replies, "True, to see real acting, good hardened real acting; but I would hardly walk from this room to the next to look at the fine efforts of those who have not been bred to the trade—a set of gentlemen and ladies, who have all the disadvantages of education and decorum to struggle through." Later on Mary Crawford says that she does and think she can tell because the part of Amelia with Edmund "fill I have hardened myself a little". As the rehearsals of *Lovers' Vows* show, amateurs are not sufficiently "hardened" to cope with the emotions let loose by play acting.

CLAIRE TAMONT.
School of English, University of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Newcastle.

## George II

Sir, In his book *Authorship in the Days of Johnson* A. S. Collins neatly illustrates the aristocratic attitude toward publication with a remark made by George II to Lord Hervey: "You ought not to write verses; 'tis beneath your rank; leave such work to little Mr Pope." It is the truth. Unfortunately Collins did not give his source for this anecdote. It does not occur in Hervey's memoirs of George II's reign or in his letters, published and unpublished, all of which I have read. Perhaps one of your readers can identify its origin.

ROBERT HALSBAND.
The Athenæum, Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5ER.

## Wells

Sir,—By a careless oversight in my review of Wells's *Outline of History*, I misattributed the reference to Buckle in Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*. It was, of course, made by the clerk Epikhodov, not by the ex-serf Firs.

YOUR REVIEWER.

# Commentary

# Jane Shore

### FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

In East Berlin last month Elisabeth Hauptmann was seventy. She is one of the backroom figures of literature, none too well known even in her own country, though the national passion for celebrating such landmarks may have done something to change this now. Nearly fifty years ago she went to work for Brecht, whose long-announced first book of poems had to be got ready for the publisher, and she is still the principal editor of Brecht's works today. She is, however, a good deal more than that, since she was a key figure in what at one time was called the Brecht collective, where plays and ideas were cooperatively thrashed out before finally appearing under his name, acting in particular as his main interpreter of English literature, which had been her special subject. Kipling he knew already in German translation, while Shakespeare of course was almost a German writer. But it was she who translated the *Beggar's Opera* from which the *Threepenny Opera* developed (in the original programme Brecht claimed credit only for the adaptation and the songs), helped his inquiries into various aspects of English and American life, and introduced him to Waley's translations and the teachings of the Nō master Seami. Eric Bentley once in the 1940s noticed with surprise that Brecht gave her complete authority to change his work around, and that she was perfectly prepared to do so.

What nobody knows clearly is how much of her own she contributed to it; but at any rate *Happy End* was hers apart from the lyrics, and she also wrote such mock-English *Mahagonny* songs as "Oh show us the way to the next whisky bar", while there is a short story of hers which is closely akin to some of Brecht's. For all her self-effacement, sooner or later her responsibility will need to be defined, and meanwhile her friends would love to see a book of her writings, not to mention her reminiscences.

* * *

For an example of how our society is coming to concentrate on inessentials you could do worse than visit the concrete poetry exhibition which will be showing—if that is the right word—at the new St Pancras Library and Shaw Theatre in Euston Road, London, until July 23. There is a nicely produced poster bearing the magic inscription "The word today serves no one except to say to the grocer [? Grocer] give me a pound of lentils"; there is an enticing press release, offering a "comprehensive survey of the concrete poetry movement", together with a complete catalogue and two municipal telephone numbers which will provide further information; there is an ingenious blue-white-and-mauve bibliography sheet which (if you do not lose the instructions as our man did) you can fold into a box for the fun of it. But the exhibition itself? Ah.

The exhibition, which opened last Saturday, is what remains of the Amsterdam concrete poetry exhibition of nearly two years ago, which was subsequently seen at Liverpool and other centres but has not previously been to London. In other words it consists mainly of photographic blow-ups, now somewhat worn, on white screens, with a sprinkling of original works of which the most interesting sounded (from the press release) to be a Big Rocking Umbrella by John Furnival and "several" of his word screens. The exhibits however are not labelled, and nobody at the succession of desks to which our inquirer was referred knew anything about a complete catalogue; it took enough searching to locate a copy of the bibliography sheet. The main part of the show, which was not actually indicated, so that none of the library's users seemed even to notice it, stood shoved to one side of the entrance hall among publicity screens, some curious cloth-covered boxes and a third-rate bronze of George Bernard Shaw. A fair proportion (as of Monday evening) was leaning against the wall still waiting to be put up; this included the most phallic of Furnival's word towers, which was stacked in sections by the library entrance, while the Furnival umbrella, likewise incompletely assembled and once again with nothing to indicate what it was or why it was there, was in a small back courtyard where it cannot rock.

Maybe we are moving towards the Concept Exhibition, on the analogy of concept art. Posters, public relations, television discussions, reviews in Sunday papers, quotations from same in Pseuds' Corner, interviews with the artists, a £10-a-head party sponsored by the Contemporary Art Society, and so on. As for the exhibition itself, no exhibits at all. Why not? Think of the time and money it would save.

Jane Shore remains, with Fair Rosamund and Nell Gwyn, one of the three most celebrated women in the catalogue of English royal mistresses. The story of her downfall at the death of her lover Edward IV, her humiliation by his successor, and her descent into beggarly old age appealed to later writers and the real woman became obscured by an accretion of fiction and legend.

There was small likelihood that anything fresh and significant about Jane Shore would be discoverable after the lapse of five centuries. Nicolas Barker, however, in an article in the current *Etoniana* (Number 125) produces new facts which, if they add little to our knowledge of her as an individual, reveal something of her social background and the status of the two men who were successively her husbands. The sources are two documents brought to light by Mr Barker's researches. The earlier one is a papal letter issued in 1476 by Sixtus IV appointing three bishops to hear her petition for annulment of her marriage on the ground of her husband's impotence. From this it appears that her Christian name was not Jane but Elizabeth. Her near-contemporary, the chronicler Fabyan, was ignorant of her first name and left a blank for it; the "Jane" occurs first in an Elizabethan play nearly a century later. Her father, it now appears, was one John Lambert, whose name frequently occurs in the records of the period; he served on three occasions as Warden of the Mercers' Company, was a London alderman, and Sheriff in 1460-61.

His will is extant, dated 1487. This, the second of the documents Mr Barker has traced, refers both to Jane (or Elizabeth) and to Thomas Lynom her second husband, who was King Richard's Solicitor, and it gives some indication of her circumstances in later life. A year afterwards she, with her husband and brothers, received bequests under her mother's will. It is the last that is known of her until Sir Thomas More's account of her destitute old age. The new evidence thus reveals that she came of a prosperous City merchant family. William Shore, the husband of her youth, was like her father a well-to-do mercer, some of whose business activities the writer is able to record.

"Jane" Shore has always had a traditional association with Eton College. She is reputed to have saved the college by interceding for it when King Edward was minded to abolish his Lancastrian predecessor's foundation, in favour of St George's Windsor. Sir Robert Birley, the former Head Master of Eton, takes a close look at this tradition when he follows up Mr Barker's findings in a further contribution to *Etoniana*. Edward IV seems to have been curiously capricious in his treatment of the college and to have changed his mind about what to do with it. He had already reversed a decision to unite it with St George's and in 1467 he restored to Eton some of its lands. The date is too early for Jane to have influenced that decision, but in 1474 the king had another change of mind and granted to St George's properties he had earlier confirmed to Eton. That this grant apparently never took effect might, Sir Robert suggests, have been due to Mistress Shore's intercession. The tradition that the college has cause to hold her in grateful memory may not be wholly without foundation. Why should portraits of the king's mistress, so incongruous at Eton, have hung there since the early seventeenth century or before, unless someone had believed her to have been its benefactress?

Apart from this reconsideration of the Eton tradition, Sir Robert Birley fills in the background to Mr Barker's biographical discoveries by tracing the growth of the Jane Shore legend in literature. It runs, accumulating more or less imaginative additions in its course but always taking its origin in Sir Thomas More's narrative, from Churchyard's poem in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, through Elizabethan plays, Drayton's *Heroicall Epistles*, and Stuart ballads right down to the middle years of the last century with the appearance of a work called *Jane Shore: or, the Goldsmith's Wife*. In the 20th Century by century the fanciful embellishments of the story have been bold and unabashed. Now, in the light of this added knowledge, Elizabeth Shore, née Lambert, can be seen not as a figure of literary romance but as the young wife and daughter of prosperous London merchants of the fifteenth century.

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# The political power of the popes

**PETER PARTNER:**
**The Lands of St Peter**
The Papal State in the Middle Ages and the Early Renaissance
417pp. Eyre Methuen. £6.50.

"A veritable body of death to the true spiritual life of the greatest institution in human history" was A. J. Smith's verdict on the Papal State, and in this he summed up four centuries of criticism of the temporal involvement of the Church. Peter Partner takes issue with the censorious implications which all such judgments carry, and in this study of the growth of the Papal State up to the middle of the fifteenth century he constantly underlines the factors which made papal political involvement inevitable. He points out that in the fifteenth century "most conciliar reformers wanted more efficient exploitation of the Papal State, not its confiscation".

The subject of *The Lands of St Peter* is, then, not the temporal power as a whole but the formation of the Papal State. Dr Partner is well aware that the one cannot be entirely separated from the other, and indeed his exploration of the local and international factors which led to the consolidation of the Papal State inevitably blurs the line of that development. This is particularly true of the first half of the book, which is devoted to the period before Innocent III "founded" the Papal State in the thirteenth century. Here the immensely complicated narrative detail, the discussion of personalities so numerous that many of them can find no place in the index, and the careful analysis of scholarly controversy, all provoke admiration and occasionally understanding, but little excitement.

Many good points are made. We are shown the early popes reluctant to break away from Byzantine control, and willing to accept subservience to Frankish emperors; we are encouraged to sympathize with the popes of the tenth and eleventh centuries caught up in Roman social and political intrigue and forced to seek security and support in a wider territorial base; we are faced with the incontrovertible fact that it was the reform popes of the eleventh and twelfth centuries who led the way in the quest for political power.

No one has explained better how it was that St Bernard, the great reformer, both warned Eugenius III that he was becoming the "successor not to Peter but to Constantine", and was himself also inextricably involved in papal diplomacy and administration. No one has done more to set the whole complicated story against a deep understanding of the geographical diversity of the Papal State. Yet the fact remains that by committing so much of his space to origins Dr Partner has left himself restricted in the period in which he is a recognized master; the fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries.

The second half of the book is the more original and the more important. The vicious circle of spiralling political responsibilities, military involvement and rising costs in which the popes found themselves is convincingly described. Indeed war becomes a key theme, and Dr Partner does much to set the militant role of Cardinal Albornoz in context by describing the similar activities of other legates of the Avignon period like Bertrand du Poujet and Bertrand de Déaulx. The account ends with the death of Eugenius IV, when the last great internal crisis of the medieval papacy had been surmounted and the stage was set for the cultural as well as the political preoccupations of the Renaissance popes.

Although *The Lands of St Peter* falls naturally into two parts, it also stresses the continuity in the problems which faced the popes and the methods which they used. The conflicts with Roman baronial society, the tendency to nepotism, the concern with the politics of southern Italy, the reliance on armed force, are all constantly recurring themes. Much of what can be said about the Renaissance popes is shown to be true of the popes of the ninth and tenth centuries "when Roman morals are as ruined as Roman walls"; although the implied comparison between Marozia and Lucrezia Borgia is misplaced. Similarly misplaced is the emphasis on the *condottieri* as "the scourge of fifteenth-century Italian society", and the harsh judgment on the "undistinguished and incompetent" Giacomo Caldora. What can with some justification be said about most of the Italian mercenary leaders of the first quarter of the fifteenth century (although curiously Caldora was something of an exception to the common pattern of over-ambition and infidelity) cannot be applied to their successors. The armies of Pius II and Paul II were very different to those of Martin V and Eugenius IV although still led by fifteenth-century *condottieri*.

The last chapter is devoted to a survey of the administration, economy and society of the Papal State in the mid-fifteenth century. This admirable so far as it goes, but apart from this chapter the treatment of internal problems such as the organization of the papal court and bureaucracy, the early administration of the papal patrimony and the *Dominium Dei*, and the structure and attitudes of society within the Papal State is thin. Dr Partner justifies his emphasis on diplomacy and war by finding here the explanations for a State of the Church as "an appendage to universal papal power"; but I understand it as a state per se I need to know much more about its internal institutions and society.

Dr Partner has not written a "popular" book, despite the title, and despite a disastrous attempt to popularize by anglicizing Italian Christian names in some of the middle chapters. *The Lands of St Peter* is ambitious and detailed effort to answer some questions about the formation of papal political power. It contains much wisdom and recognizes its own shortcomings; this is perhaps as much as one ought reasonably to expect.

# Irish, but English too

**J. F. LYDON:**
**The Lordship of Ireland in the Middle Ages**
295pp. Dublin: Gill and Macmillan. £3.50.

The title of this book clearly delimits its purpose. J. F. Lydon does not set out to write a full history of medieval Ireland, but a history of the "lordship" established by Henry II in the twelfth century, which survived until another Henry transformed it into a kingdom in the sixteenth. The central theme, then, is the origin and development of the Anglo-Norman colony in Ireland. But this was never coterminous with the whole island. Over large areas the native Gaelic population retained not only its own language and its own cultural tradition, but also, in somewhat modified form, its own political system. The relationship between the two populations occupies a good deal of Professor Lydon's attention; and he treats it with an admirable combination of sympathy and fairness.

Professor Lydon discusses also the no less important topic of the relationship between the colonists and England. They occupied a difficult middle position "English to the Irish and Irish to the English", and had sometimes to maintain their rights, or their claims, on two fronts simultaneously. Professor Lydon describes them as "Anglo-Irish"; and the term, though more commonly applied to their eighteenth-century successors (who had to face similar problems), is certainly a more convenient one than the terms generally employed in the medieval period: "the English of Ireland", "the English born in Ireland", "the English nation of this land". Whatever term is used, however, the underlying implication is the same: the colonists wished to assert their rights in Ireland without abandoning their claim to be English. We can see here, in the medieval lordship, one source of a problem that has continued to trouble Ireland down to the present day.

The political and military history of the lordship is almost intolerably complicated; and Professor Lydon, faced with the task of covering almost four centuries in less than three hundred pages, has wisely decided on a broad treatment of the main lines of development, though he constantly reinforces his general statements by telling examples. This is a method that he uses with particular effectiveness in the chapter on "Anglo-Irish society", which many readers will probably find the most interesting in the book. Both here and elsewhere he also makes skilful use of quotations in verse and prose from contemporary sources, Anglo-Irish and Gaelic; and these convey a sense of living humanity that has too seldom characterized writings on medieval Ireland.

This book is the product of long research, and many of Professor Lydon's conclusions have already been published in papers and articles. Now, however, they will reach a wider public; and there are three, in particular, to which attention should be drawn. First, to begin at the close of the period, Professor Lydon argues that we must readjust our ideas about the fifteenth century. Though the power of the crown was in decline, though local rulers were virtually independent, there was, he maintains, a greater degree of political stability than formerly; and, during this period, the country was becoming more prosperous—he cites the considerable increase in building as evidence of greater wealth. Secondly, he repeats and reinforces his contention, which few would now dispute, that the lordship was in decline even before the Bruce invasion of the early fourteenth century, and that Bruce's temporary success was a result rather than a cause of the government's weakness. Thirdly, he examines in some detail the "national" element in Gaelic resistance to the Anglo-Normans and comes to the conclusion that it amounted to very little, at least in political terms. Though individual Gaelic rulers recovered a great deal of what they had lost, the power of the lordship declined, they would not unite in a common cause; attempts to revive the high kingship failed completely; and, before the end of the medieval period, Gaelic rulers had abandoned their old royal titles; the authority of the English crown was everywhere admitted, even if it was seldom obeyed.

There is a point here that Professor Lydon might have developed somewhat further. The failure of Gaelic resistance to take on a "national" character can, surely, be traced to the fact that Ireland, when brought into close and lasting connexion with England, had not yet developed effective political unity. The contrast with Scotland is striking. There, the crown had already become by the twelfth century a recognized centre of national authority; and the next century, it could provide a rallying-point for resistance to an invader. The fact that the Irish had no such rallying-point goes far to account for their disunity, and has well have influenced the character of Irish nationalism in its later developments.

Though his main theme is the Anglo-Norman lordship, Professor Lydon has, in fact, produced an admirable introduction to medieval Irish history: readable, thoughtful and authoritative. It is, therefore, the more to be regretted that he did not provide the reader with some of the customary guides to study. There ought to be a reading-list: it is not enough to refer the reader briefly to bibliographies in other books. There ought to be at least one map: it is impossible to understand the development of the lordship without constant reference to the physical geography of the country. And there is no justification at all, in a book of this size, for the absence of an index. It is a pity that such an excellent piece of work should be marred by these defects. The author, or his publishers, should see that they are remedied in the second edition.

# The model regime of Richard II

**F. R. H. DU BOULAY and CAROLINE M. BARRON (Editors):**
**The Reign of Richard II**
335pp. The Athlone Press. £5.

It is appropriate that the Festschrift for May McKisack should have been organized with such good sense. All the papers, related to the reign of Richard II and so this volume will be more of it kind, is more than the mere sum of its parts.

The most important contribution on the early years of the reign is by H. G. Galbraith's reconsideration of the *Anonimalle* account of the Peasants' Revolt. In making suggestions about the nature and influence of the sources on which the *Anonimalle* drew he employs his microscope. In making general assertions about the revolt, which he attributes entirely to hatred of villeinage, he turns to his other favoured instrument, the blunderbuss, and fires it at barely intelligible economic analysis of high farming, the Black Death, the Statute of Labourers etc.

An indignation at Professor Galbraith's short way with economists cools, one is left to reflect that there is as he says, much in Stubbs's neglected view that in its "indirect, permanent results" the revolt was "one of the most portentous phenomena . . . in the whole of our history".

Most of the essays are about the years after 1389. Together they provide the outlines of a more sophisticated view of Richard's last decade than we have had, up till now. The king's restoration to power in May, 1389 seems to have begun an ostentatious attempt to set up a balanced "model" regime. R. L. Storey here argues that the changes in the personnel and powers of the commissions of the peace at this time reveal a serious effort to meet the Commons' demands for law and order. He points to other examples of governmental righteousness, or self-righteousness, particularly in the submission of ministers and council to the judgment of Parliament in 1390.

Dr Storey believes that the "popular" phase of government did not last long and that the ordinance on liveries of 1390 marks the beginning both of some yielding to magnate pressure and of Richard's schemes to outplay the magnates at their own game. This view may be a little out of focus; but there is no doubt that within a year or so Richard was firmly in the saddle. How sure his control and his touch were is well shown in Caroline Barron's account of the skill with which he brought London to heel in 1391-92. Another admirer of Richard is John Palmer, who, in a lively and assertive manner argues for the success of the king's foreign policy in the 1390s, especially in thwarting French schemes in the Low Countries and in Italy.

New evidence is brought forward to show the extravagance of Richard's schemes after 1397. Rees Davies gives an altogether admirable account of the king's creation and use of the expanded principality of Chester. He reveals how strikingly large the Cheshire guard was—over 300 men always with the king, another 300 retained, and well over another 1,000 available. Roger Virgoe's account of local government in East Anglia tells a similar story. From 1397 a major attempt to bring the shires under the control of the king's friends is apparent. Dr Storey strengthens the case by reminding us that a third of the newly-appointed sheriffs of 1397 were members of the royal household. If Richard was remembered as a would-be tyrant, it was not for nothing.

Margaret Aston discusses this and other aspects of Richard's reputation in the Tudor age. She shows, inter alia, that Richard was regarded by some as a proto-Protestant monarch, and points out the emphasis laid during Elizabeth's reign on her resemblance to Richard in that each was at the end of a line. And indeed the more that is revealed of the late fourteenth-century English state, the more it looks like the Tudor state. In his account here of some aspects of the patronage system under Richard II, J. A. Tuck draws attention to the similarities between the procedures and attitudes of Richard's Exchequer in disposing of wardships, etc, and those of the Tudor Court of Wards. Dr Storey and Dr Virgoe provide further evidence of the power and aspirations of the House of Commons. It has for long been hard to prove (though all too easy to assert or imply) that it was less powerful or less sophisticated than its Elizabethan counterpart.

Three of the contributors take us away from politics. Beatrice White considers the attitudes of medieval poets towards peasants, Rodney Hill gives an account of London chantries, and, in what is perhaps the most satisfying essay in the book, Barbara Harvey tells how, and with what effects, Westminster Abbey met the papal requirement that it should send a regular supply of its monks to a university. Her description of how a small ancient institution coped with change is sensitive, rather than showy, and carries conviction.

This collection has its faults, and there corners are adroitly turned and issues neatly evaded. There are the professional faults of many historians; a body of personal talent for evasiveness is unique outside the Old Bailey. If only could have improved the index, would have been for each contributor to have taken his or her own Professor McKisack, read it, and taken careful note of the use of voice in which she said "I desting." But all in all it is a fine collection, which makes a important contribution to our knowledge of Richard's reign this work, which has appeared Maude Clarke's *Fourteenth Century Studies*.



# Arguments with phantom liberals

**BHIKHU PAREKH and R. N. BERKI (Editors):**
**The Morality of Politics**
164pp. Allen and Unwin. £3 (paperback, £1.50).

*The Morality of Politics* is a rather curious collection of essays, with not much in the way of a common theme or focus of interest, let alone any unanimity of philosophical or political allegiance. The contributions range indeed from some gloomy reflections on trade unionism on the part of H. B. Acton to an intriguing sketch of Machiavelli's theory of "fantasia" by K. R. Minogue.

The general level of the discussion is alarmingly low, however. W. H. Walsh opens the collection with an attack on what he takes to be the characteristic weaknesses of an "open morality": that it is absolutist, attached to an implausible version of the principle of universability and an equally implausible belief in the moral equality of all mankind. But the attack is blunted by the unspecific nature of the target; Professor Walsh refers in sweeping terms to "the liberal group" and claims that "liberals find it difficult, if not impossible, to treat their opponents on major political issues with even a minimum of respect". But who are these liberals? On the face of it, they look a good deal like the intransigent members of the instant left, whose complaint is precisely that liberals are much too prone to see their opponents' point of view. Nor is Professor Walsh's characterization of "closed" or "conservative" morality much help in isolating the liberal enemy: most of what he says about the virtues of loyalty and self-realization in a shared but local way of life is reminiscent of writers like T. H. Green or A. D. Lindsay who may look conservative from some standpoints, but who would surely have been pretty startled to find themselves ruled out of the liberal camp in this fashion.

Bhikhu Parekh also has it in for the liberals, but in precisely the opposite way from Professor Walsh. For his complaint is that under liberalism there has been "an amazing contraction" of morality, with such areas as economic relationships being, so to speak, hived off from moral consideration. Moreover, liberals believe our only obligations to be those to which we have explicitly assented; they do not believe in the universality of moral obligation and the brotherhood of man, and they do not believe that ideals of the good life have anything to do with morality. At all of which the mind simply boggles; is any of this meant to be true of, say, Mill, Benjamin Constant or von Humboldt? If not, who are these liberals? The only half-way plausible candidate is Herbert Spencer, and he would have been the first to admit that his was a lonely voice. Mr Parekh cites some of P. F. Strawson's essay "Social Morality and Individual Ideal", but mostly to misunderstand its implications. And his most effective blows turn out to be directed against himself. After criticizing various forms of sceptical retreat from moral commitment in politics, he then moves on to claim that there is no such thing as human nature, seemingly unaware that this is just the point from which the most extreme forms of moral scepticism have started.

After this it is a pleasure to turn to a modest and scholarly piece of work like Geraint Parry's essay on just what the "Machiavellian" theorists at the turn of the century—Pareto, Mosca and Michels—thought they had learnt from Machiavelli. He is quietly destructive about the hopes they entertained for a historical science of politics; on Dr Parry's reading, their political science turns out to be Machiavellian only in the discouraging sense that their history, like Machiavelli's own, amounts to a series of anecdotes alleged to "verify" preconceived maxims about the acquisition and use of power. And he starts a couple of hares which could usefully be pursued at much greater length than he has pursued them here. The first concerns the extent to which the "Machiavellians" had set out to produce a "Marxism for the bourgeoisie", in the sense of an ideology which would both discredit the scientific pretensions of Marxism and, by demonstrating the necessity of a political elite, destroy the attractions of proletarian democracy. And the second is a pendant to this, the problem of the extent to which their "Machiavellianism" awaited a new Prince—a role which Mussolini so obviously coveted.

The interest of these issues is considerable. For it could be argued rather plausibly that the "Machiavellians" were profoundly *anti*-bourgeois, and were ambivalent about Marxism precisely for this reason. Michels's support of Mussolini and his earlier syndicalism both evince a continuous hostility to liberal democracy and a partiality to the politics of the mass on the move. And this connects quite importantly with the "Machiavellian" concept of freedom, on which Dr Parry touches briefly. For this is not just the matter on which James Burnham's book *The Machiavellians* places such importance, the doctrine that power can only be checked by power. It is also the nationalist urge which Machiavelli felt so keenly, an urge which led him to equate Roman freedom with the power of the Roman state where a military and political elite led the aroused mass in the pursuit of national glory. Someone concerned with the morality of politics might turn his attention to this curious nostalgia whose twentieth-century consequences have been so terrible.

# Feeling adverbially

**JAMES W. CORNMAN:**
**Materialism and Sensations**
352pp. Yale University Press. £4.75.

Sensations have seemed to many philosophers to constitute perhaps the most difficult obstacle for anyone who wishes to produce a purely physicalistic or materialistic account of the world, including human beings. For do not the sensations which we experience have, somehow, properties quite different from any possessed by merely physical things? Such facts, or apparent facts, have not always seemed the most cogent reasons for embracing dualism, for dualism is a complex theory both in its nature and its origins—more complex, perhaps, than has always been recognized. But the difficulty of fitting sensations into a scheme of things which conforms entirely to physics is obvious enough and has generally played its part in attracting philosophers towards dualism. It is no coincidence that the most influential form that materialism has taken in modern times—the Central State Materialism which originated in papers by U. T. Place and J. J. C. Smart—was very much concerned with the status of sensations. The literature which that thesis has proliferated is now vast.

James W. Cornman's *Materialism and Sensations* has some claim, however, to provide the best guide to and critique of the issues at stake in all this so far. It is not a book for the novice; it is extremely tough in places and the discussion is generally very sophisticated philosophically. Moreover, Professor Cornman has a taste for setting out issues in the form of quasi-formal arguments with the premises and conclusions clearly exposed. Some may find this irritating and not all the philosophers discussed perhaps will like their positions being set out in this way. There is always the question whether the formal argument does justice to the complexities of the more discursive argument which it summarizes. The technique does, however, make clear what *may* be at stake.

The book distinguishes between different kinds of materialism in this connexion. These distinctions are not always easy for a reader to grasp, and a few of the theses considered may seem non-starters to some of those familiar with the field. Much here depends upon the ethos in which the participants in the discussion find themselves; some theses might seem unacceptable in one cultural milieu but not in another. One of the positions discussed by Professor Cornman, for example, is that sensations can be eliminated altogether in the sense that an adequate account of the world can be presented which makes no reference to them. Indeed it is sometimes suggested that we may come to dispense with any talk about our feelings and content ourselves with ways of talking that involve only physical and physiological facts.

Such a view may seem to many quite incredible. However, Professor Cornman is nothing if not thorough in his survey of the possibilities and these are given a considerable run for their money. In the end he finds one particular form of materialism possibly acceptable—one that involves construing our sensations in what is called an adverbial way (e.g. we might be said to "see redly"). It is *possibly* acceptable only because he does not think that the issue is susceptible of proof.

It might be argued, however, that the greatest difficulties lie in what is discussed and "disposed of" fairly early on in the book: the thesis that, whether or not sensations can be reduced to physical processes, they are at any rate identical with these. There are many philosophers who would find this claim unintelligible. To make it at all plausible Professor Cornman has to invoke a form of identity which holds across categories, and this entails a theory of categories themselves. Something is done in this direction in an appendix to *Materialism and Sensations*, but the situation remains a good deal more uncertain than he supposes. The book is nevertheless immensely complex and detailed and provides an admirable survey of the issues for those who have both the competence and stamina to progress through it. Professor Cornman is one of the more interesting figures to have appeared on the American philosophical scene lately; *Materialism and Sensations* will certainly add to his reputation.

# Feeling purposefully

**J. R. S. WILSON:**
**Emotion and Object**
191pp. Cambridge University Press. £2.80.

In a way *Emotion and Object* is a difficult book to read, because its centre is a detailed critique of another, itself fairly detailed, philosophical work. J. R. S. Wilson admits in his foreword that his entire examination of emotions and their objects arose out of a consideration of Antony Kenny's *Action, Emotion and Will*. This does not in the least entail that Mr Wilson's book is derivative, still less that it is not worth reading. It is only that from time to time one has the feeling of listening to one end of a telephone conversation. It is essential, at least, to read or reread Dr Kenny's book first, before embarking on Mr Wilson's.

But, that said, one must say also that the subject is a fascinating one for many philosophers, and it is not without interest for the less technical reader, too. Mr Wilson is inclined to think that the idea of an *object* of emotion is a philosopher's notion, and one which the plain man might not like. It is certain that, in ordinary speech, though we may speak of the object of our hatred, love, or (ambiguously) jealousy, we do not necessarily speak of the object of joy, elation, despair and other emotions. But Mr Wilson rightly says that this is not important. Obviously neither philosophers' nor psychologists' examinations of the emotions can be limited in advance by what the plain man would normally feel inclined to say. We must be prepared, if necessary, to suffer linguistic shocks.

All the same, notoriously, one cannot change one's language at will, and therefore one cannot very easily change one's way of thinking of emotions either, just by asserting a paradox. And there is no doubt that sometimes Mr Wilson is led into disregarding some element that we feel *must* be part of any analysis of the emotions. For instance, we must be allowed to retain the possibility of a generalized, vague, undirected emotion. Again, common sense, or the common language of literature, makes us want to protest against the extreme position adopted by Mr Wilson with regard to the reality of the object of emotion. He distinguishes between true and false emotions, between the well-formed and the mal-formed, and puts in the latter class those cases where the object of the emotion is in fact non-existent, as when a man is afraid of what he wrongly believes is a burglar, or when a man falls in love with a non-existent woman in a picture. But such distinctions are contrary to our deepest beliefs, and also to our practice. How can we be expected to say in a clear-cut way whether the object of our love is existent or non-existent? Surely Proust has taught us, if we did not know before, that what we love is almost always largely an imaginary object. Is all such love, which, empirically speaking, and from our own standpoint, may be a real enough emotion, to be called dubious or mal-formed? Surely the love which, as children perhaps, we may feel for a pet, is partly love for the character with which we invest the pet. The cat is our confidant, the horse our friend. Who is to say for certain whether the object of our love does or does not exist? When, in his summary, Mr Wilson says "emotion typically arises from the apprehension of certain characteristics in an object" we may agree with him, provided that "apprehension" is taken widely enough. We may see some feature of the object as significant. Who can say whether it *is* or *is not* significant?

However, this is a small point. In general, Mr Wilson's conclusions are exciting. He argues that reason and emotion are not opposites. Reason in human behaviour is always used to guide the agent to reach suitable ends by certain calculated means. But emotion guides behaviour too, though not in a strictly means/ends manner. One cannot fully describe human behaviour without having recourse both to the concept of reason and that of emotion. Now while it is conceivable that someone might construct a machine which could calculate means towards ends, it is harder to imagine the construction of a machine which would produce the kinds of actions grounded, in the human case, in emotion.

However, Mr Wilson does not state that this is impossible. In the last paragraph, he takes his farewell of philosophy. He argues that the study of human nature, into which his analyses have in the end led us, cannot be continued by the examination of concepts alone. Philosophy is not enough. The consequential questions must be tackled by empirical inquiry. It will be interesting to see what Mr Wilson's next book will be.

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Nine years were spent in preparing *The Penguin Companion to Literature* and a large number of contributors, most of them academics, have been enlisted. The enterprise is undoubtedly worth while: our world is certainly not politically a single world, but culturally it is becoming at least potentially so. In literature, as in music and the visual arts, we feel a need to have some knowledge by report of what we may never know by experience.

David Daiches, however, in his judicious preface to the first of these volumes, *Britain and the Commonwealth*, points out that their editing presents a number of problems which, even in principle, cannot be wholly solved. Literature, in the narrowest sense, consists of poetry, fiction and drama. But clearly a Berkeley, a Gibbon, a Burke, a Ruskin belong, if only because of their stylistic or imaginative power, to the world of literature also. And criterion, as in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, can itself be part of the living fabric of a nation's literature.

Other difficulties faced Professor Daiches. The literature of these islands and of the Commonwealth includes, for instance, distinguished work by French Canadian writers. It includes Old English literature and some works in Latin, like all the works of the great Scottish humanist George Buchanan. There is a considerable Celtic literature in old and modern Irish Gaelic, old and modern Welsh, and in Scottish Gaelic. There are the rather dull fossil remains of Cornish. There are works in Middle English and Middle Scots, of varying difficulty for modern readers. From the seventeenth century to Hugh MacDiarmid and his disciples there is a literature of what, in contrast to Middle Scots, can be called modern vernacular Scots. There is at least one fairly modern English dialect poet of importance, William Barnes. There are Anglo-Celtic writers like Synge who write English in what is essentially a Celtic idiom.

Furthermore, a set of volumes of this sort cannot confine itself to what might broadly be called high literature—the kind taught in universities. Agatha Christie and P. G. Wodehouse, for instance, are part of our common culture (though it is doubtful if some other popular writers included here, like Sax Rohmer or J. Storer Clouston, are part of that culture in the same way). Professor Daiches's task could have been undertaken only by a polymath of genially catholic taste. Faced with two opposing dangers, he has opted for unduly tolerant comprehensiveness rather than unduly rigorous selectivity. His foreword is a model of good sense and modesty. He has had to "curtail or expand" certain contributions, but with "no attempt . . . to remove differences of flavour and kinds of emphasis". He warns us also that this is "a reference book, not a collection of critical essays. Its aim is to lead the reader beyond itself. . . ."

Fair enough. But, regretfully, this first and, to British readers, most important volume in this series is not what it might have been. Above all else, a reference book should be accurate, and the number of errors of fact in *Britain and the Commonwealth* is alarmingly high. Some are minute—wrong dates, misspellings of names, and so on. Others are much more serious, and suggest that some contributors have simply failed to do their homework. Sometimes the contributor's knowledge of his author seems extraordinarily sketchy. Sometimes, and this is perhaps more damaging, an author seems to have been assigned to a contributor who has collected the facts about him efficiently enough but does not sound as if he were really interested.

The entries in this as in the other volumes range in length from a short paragraph on a two-column page to, for Shakespeare, five columns including a select bibliography in smaller type. Perhaps particular contributors were given too heavy a load: some of those who make the worst errors elsewhere write some of the most satisfactory articles. The sad truth is that the better stored the writer's memory, the more he is tempted, especially when writing in haste, to trust to it and not to check his references. If Julian and Aldous Huxley had, in truth, been the sons, not the grandsons, of T. H. Huxley, one would indeed have to congratulate him on the virility of his later years. Any scholar, under pressure, might make such a slip. It is more worrying to be told that a distinguished woman novelist, still alive and writing, died in 1964, or that John Buchan's first two attempts at fiction were autobiographical treatments of his African experiences—one was written when he was at Glasgow University, the other when he was at Balliol years before he went to Africa. Did he ever write anything that could properly be called an autobiographical novel about Africa? *Prester John!* Surely not. It would be tedious to list all the plain errors of fact of this sort. They can be put right in a later edition (though, meanwhile, how reliable a handbook is this for the undergraduates or sixth formers who may buy the paperback?).

What is more worrying, though admittedly this is rather subjective, is the number of cases in which the facts all seem right but the total impression seems all wrong. Again and again the entries convey a kind of workmanlike perfunctoriness. The need for compression and a lack of real liking for the author dealt with seem too often to work insidiously together. Here is an example about Somerville, of Somerville and Ross:

> She is best known for the novels she wrote with her cousin . . . the best of which are *The Real Charlotte* (1894), *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* (Resident Magistrate) (1899), *Further Experiences of an Irish R.M.* (1908), and *In Mr Knox's Country* (1915). These tales are well written, humorous and competent pictures of a now vanished Irish rural society under the Anglo-Irish ascendancy, seen from an upper class point of view.

*The Real Charlotte* is a tragic novel, its three main characters are from the lower middle classes; its theme is sexual and social frustration. It is not the work of the kind of Irish Angela Thirkell this description suggests. The Irish RM books are not novels but short stories, linked by a single narrator and a single area of action, and by recurrent characters. Yet this brief entry cannot be faulted for "facts": it is simply a case of imperfect sympathy.

Here is a briefer example of the misleading effects of extreme compression, even without imperfect sympathy. It is from a piece about F. R. Leavis:

> . . . a book on the English novel, *The Great Tradition* (Jane Austen, George Eliot, James, Conrad, D. H. Lawrence) (1948)

This is strictly accurate. In his first chapter Dr Leavis does cite these five authors as constituting "the great tradition". But would a reader new to him guess that the book does *not* contain separate studies on Jane Austen or Lawrence, and *does* contain a very important essay on Dickens?

The broader question of exclusions and inclusions is more difficult. In the single field of twentieth-century poetry, for instance, there is a case for including poets like John Freeman, Humbert Wolfe, or Alfred Noyes, who are not likely to enjoy a revival, but who do reflect currents of taste in their time. Yet the space could have been used for living or only recently dead poets. One sad exclusion is Norman Cameron, whose reputation has steadily risen since his untimely death in the 1950s. Scottish poetry is generously treated, as one would expect in a volume edited by Professor Daiches; but George Bruce, George Mackay Brown, Robert Garioch all certainly deserved a place. On the Irish shore, one dead poet, F. R. Higgins, and a number of living ones, Seamus Heaney, John Montague, Richard Murphy and, above all, the senior Irish living poet, Austin Clarke, seem more worthy of a place than some of the English figures chosen.

It is to be hoped, anyway, that in future editions some otiose articles will be deleted and others substituted. G. E. Moore should be in for his influence on Bloomsbury, F. H. Bradley for his influence on Eliot. But it all must have been, even for a man of very great energy, a vast drag.

Of the other volumes, the European one must have been even more difficult to organize than Professor Daiches's. Eugenio Montale is a great poet, and he deserved an allotment of space comparable to that devoted to T. S. Eliot both in the British and Commonwealth volume and, as a poet born in the United States, in the American and Latin-American volume. (Henry James gets the same double treatment, and the angles of approach make an interesting contrast.) Montale gets, in fact, about half a column. The bibliography lists G. Kay's translations of 1964, but not Edwin Morgan's rather earlier selected translations in the subscription volumes issued from time to time by the Reading School of Art, nor the American New Directions selection, by various hands, which includes some versions by notable poets like Robert Lowell. On the other hand, the equally brief article on Guido Cavalcanti seems more to bite into that poet's quality, and does cite both the Rossetti and the Pound versions.

Probably the three European writers most widely read and loved in England are Chekhov, Tolstoy, and Dostoevsky. The articles on all three are fine pieces of biographical and critical compression.

Cavafy (Kavafis) hasn't a large following in this country, but he has what might be called a special popularity. The entry on him is excellently compact with a very good short bibliography. With these few comments made, *Europe* can be left deservedly to find its own audience among the kind of English reader who has an imperfect knowledge of a number of European languages, and a fairly wide knowledge of European literature in translation.

The third volume in this series, at least in its Latin American portion, has to set itself the task of being both drastically selective and brutally informative rather than that of propping up, with dates and facts, what in a way we know already.

The North American part of the volume is admirably crisp in its writing and accurate in its treatment of bibliographical detail. The selection of authors, also, perhaps because there was less space available, seems more properly and rigorously selective than in the British and Commonwealth volume. Proportions, though, do not always seem right. John Berryman, at his best a very fine poet indeed, gets a third of a column while Allen Ginsberg gets nearly a whole column. Laura Riding, a seminal influence both on poetry and poetic thought in her period, is even more briefly treated. Ralph Ellison and James Baldwin are treated more briefly than one expects, though the brevity throughout this section suggests informed compression, not skimping.

There are a number of questionable judgments, but they read like first-hand judgments. Some modern American reputations remain controversial: that of Ezra Pound, above all; but also those of Gertrude Stein, William Carlos Williams, Scott Fitzgerald, Faulkner (until fairly recently), Hemingway, Henry Miller. The articles on these writers finely combine the necessary asperity with the right spirit. The choice of poets is also good.

The editor of the Latin section had a harder job than has done it very well. The names best known in the are Borges and Neruda. Short articles which con thing at least of the qua writers who should be m known are those on Nicanor Parra and the Jorge Carrera Andrade.

In the African section fourth volume, the late C Okigbo is credited wa "one of the most exciting writing in Africa", and we might feel that the formati era influence was Pound r Ulitd. The poet from Gu cribed as "Leurie Peter surely be Lenrie Peters, b ant to find that very fine writer in Afrikaans and Uys Krige, dealt with to with proper respect, as is t civilized and persecuted So ean poet. Dennis Brutus, on the Nigerian dramati Soyinka mentions that famous play, *The Lion and the Jewel*, "presents the imp modern civilization as a th African villagers' individ is certainly a very lively ing play but a well-known poet and critic described cisely the opposite tend defence of a reactionary against the emergence of cated individualist.

Turning to the section Classics and to famou Plato and Aristotle for inst pleasant to be told crisply *Sophistes* [deals] with Is Non-Being, or (to use jargon) with significant predication" and that the I is a classic of literary critic influence has at times been this is due to the tendencies especially in France to tak principles into observation to one form of literature at of time.

The character of Cicero, w often disliked, is treated cious sympathy. The excell on Propertius contains, in bibliography, this balanced ment on Pound's *Homage to Propertius*; it is "lively and sometimes misusing Pro matter captures much manner". The general exce the writing in this Classical seems to bear out Evelyn W remark that learning l school, even if most of it is ten afterwards, has a bracin on one's prose.

Apart from the very poo guin translations of the Iliad Anna Comnena and Mich his, and allusions to other l in Robert Graves's *Count* and in Sir Steven Runcima ries, Byzantine literature is that well known to mos readers, and the short B section is interesting mainly ing awareness of its role.

The same might be said Asian section, apart from th ment of China and Japa rather surprising, at a first g find Maltese literature c under Asian literature, but Norman Douglas called the "Catholic Arabs". The Malt guage, we learn, in the article only Maltese writer thought of notice, Monsignor (P Psaila, who died in his 1961. "is a Semitic la having affinities with the Ar Tunisia and traces of the Phoenician tongue". The fiasc for most readers, of this, as Byzantine and African sections be that of exploring a *terra nota*.

It is a paradox about this reference work that, the la really knows about another literature and language, th fascinated one becomes. Cl tudes to the literatures nearer in space, of England, Europe America, should be more sec How far compilations of thi help us really to grapple wi own culture must remain ver an open question.

## *Under Tracy's Folly*

A gun emplacement halfway up the kopje—
Unmortared ashlar, strewn with lanceolate
Foliage of eucalyptus. Like water
Light tumbled through the branches at its curved shape

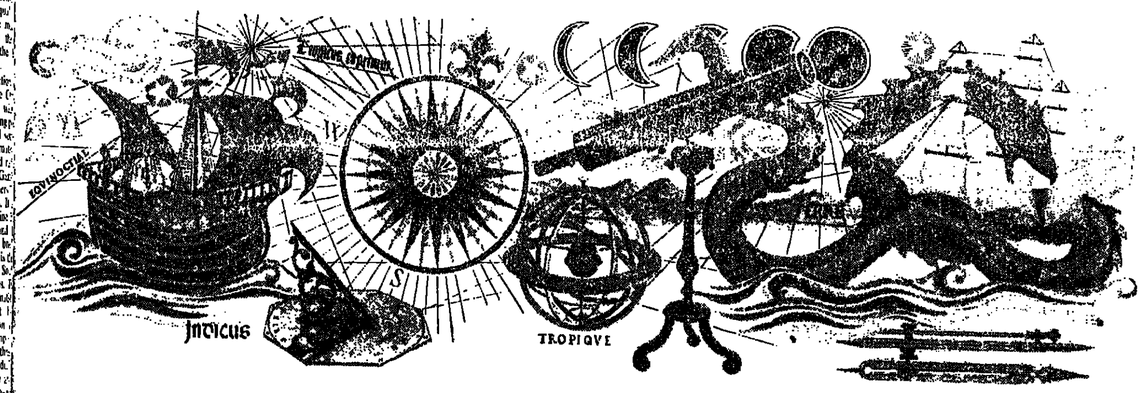
When, children carrying arrows and a bow,
We found, still peering at the Pretoria road
Through a growth of three decades of light timber
Forgotten breastworks, Boer or maybe British.

Khaki uniform or slouch hat, whichever
Supervised the building of it, for certain
Visualize a bluntheaded iron hammer
Wielded by a native, tap-tap-tapping

To dress the stone, and the grain of black knuckles
White with pulverized rock, as, balancing, the
Hand sets the piece where it may sit for ever.
Our Zulu garden-boy built a wall like that.

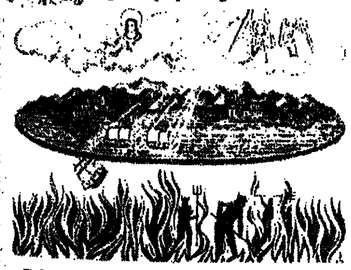
*DAVID WRIGHT*




# The new edition of the world's best atlas is a lot older than you think

Where on earth is it? The last time you looked something up in an atlas, did you question its accuracy? Did you stop to think how the measurements of the Earth were arrived at—considering that to begin with people thought the world was flat?



Did you give a thought to the intrepid explorers, to the scientists and cartographers who transposed their findings onto maps?

Imagine, as a layman, starting at the beginning with no maps, no charts and only the stars to guide you. Then where on earth would it be? Where on earth would *you* be? It's a shattering thought, and one which puts the modern atlas into proper perspective.

And, just in case you're still taking this extraordinary development from primitive direction pointers for granted, here's a brief history of why you know where you are right now.

Circles drawn in the sand or snow apart, the first known map was a Babylonian tablet and dates from about 2500 BC.

The Earth's measurements, however, weren't taken until 135 BC when Posidonius, basing his measures on the Greek Stade, arrived at the figures 44,640 km. circumference and 7011 km. radius.

But Ptolemy, in AD 140, took Posidonius's figure, and although his maps remained more or less gospel until the 16th century, he never did measure the Earth himself.

And for 1430 years, because Ptolemy remained more or less text book, only the Mediterranean world was represented on maps with any accuracy.



Come the Renaissance, cartography emerged from the Dark Ages. Ptolemy's 'Geographia' was rediscovered and translated into Latin. Printing and engraving were invented. Hence maps—previously hand-painted collector items—came into 'mass' circulation and became available to explorers and adventurers of the 15th century.

So the great voyages of discovery began. Vasco da Gama opened up the sea route to India, and Christopher Columbus discovered San Salvador.

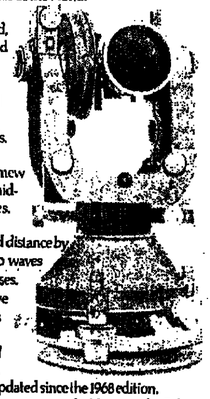


In 1570 Mercator pieced this wealth of information together and compiled the first 'modern' world atlas, and Blaeu, in 1630, compiled a beautiful atlas which scholars of cartography revere even today.

During the 17th and 18th centuries the Dutch, Germans, and French used increasingly better surveying techniques. Governments woke up to the value of cartography as an aid to trading and warfare, and mapped their own countries.

So, national maps having achieved a fair degree of accuracy, the famous 19th century world atlases were the next logical development. And notable among them was 'Bartholomew's Times Atlas of the World'.

In 1922 another great Times Atlas of the World, prepared by Bartholomew and Sons, was published and the maps were vastly improved in terms of accuracy by aerial photography and more sophisticated survey methods. Nor was it superseded until 1955 when Dr John Bartholomew prepared for The Times a 'mid-century' edition in 5 volumes.



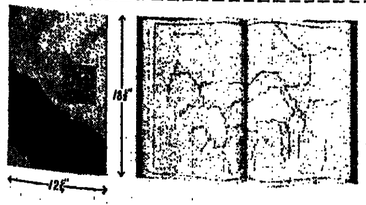
Geodimeters and tellurometers which measured distance by transference of light and radio waves furthered the accuracy of atlases.

These improvements have culminated in what promises to be the greatest of them all, *The Times Atlas of the World 1972 Comprehensive Edition.*

All the maps have been updated since the 1968 edition. A mammoth task in itself. The sections on the Universe, the Solar System, the Moon and Earth's resources have been revised. The index includes a supplement of 1500 additions and corrections. Hundreds of individuals and institutions have played their parts. All of history has contributed.

The price. Only £20. Marco Polo would have found that pretty cheap.

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# The age of silver

Throughout the Colonial period Mexico was colonized in greater depth than any other part of Spain's American empire. It experienced massive proselytization by the missionary orders and supported a top-heavy religious establishment; it bore the brunt of Spanish immigration to the New World and suffered a disastrous demographic decline which saddled the country with unprofitable *haciendas* of vast extension, moulding social attitudes which persisted into the twentieth century.

By 1800 the wealth of New Spain far outstripped all other parts of the Spanish Empire: a rich man from Caracas or even Lima would have passed unnoticed in Mexico City with its glittering vice-regal court. The basis of this wealth was, of course, silver. New Spain was a silver economy: in the sixteenth century the lure of silver provided the major motive behind frontier expansion into the semi-arid wastes of the north where provisioning the mining centres created a dependent agricultural and pastoral economy to supply their needs; silver profits made the fortunes of penurious immigrants and consolidated those of the creole elite; silver financed the most lavish church-building programme in the Western world and subsidized the huge fortresses of the Caribbean which were the visible witness of eighteenth-century Spain's reviving power. Three-quarters of the imperial revenue came from New Spain and between a fifth and a quarter of this from the single mining city of Guanajuato. The scale of this vast silver enterprise is epitomized by the huge octagonal shaft 1,600 feet deep and more than thirty feet across of the Valenciana mine, which is still being worked today. In the city itself the contrast between creole prodigality and Bourbon rationality is conveyed in the juxtaposition of ornate baroque churches and the austere Alhóndiga which was to serve as the mausoleum of Riaño, the last Spanish intendant, slaughtered there in the frenzied Indian rising of 1810.

In spite of silver's crucial importance it has not attracted the attention it deserves from historians. Now, however, two monographs by British historians, published in the Cambridge Latin American series—the most impressive visible evidence of the reviving academic interest in Latin America in this country—enable us to study in detail the two colonial silver booms. The first, by P. J. Bakewell, examines Zacatecas, which dominated silver mining from its discovery in 1546 to its decline in the 1630s: the second, by D. A. Brading, studies Guanajuato from its zenith in the mid-eighteenth century to its decline in the war of independence, as part of a wider study of Bourbon Mexico. A third, shorter study in the same series, by Brian R. Hamnett, analyses the mechanics of the cochineal trade. New Spain's second most important export, and traces the interlocking of political and economic factors in Oaxaca before and during the independence movement.

These three studies, all deeply researched in Mexican and Spanish archives, are valuable additions to our understanding of the long-term development of the economy, social structure and political tensions in New Spain, illustrating the differences between the three most important geographical areas of economic activity: Zacatecas, the frontier town, dominated Mexican mining for 200 years, and with the springboard for further penetration of the north. The absence of sedentary Indians gave rise to a free labour system, which was to be a distinctive feature of the Mexican mining economy in contrast to Upper Peru, which was largely dependent on *mita* labour, Guanajuato, which took over Zacatecas's lead in the eighteenth century, was the major town in the Bajío, the most prosperous region of New Spain with a mixed mining/farm economy, high population density and social mobility. This area with tensions arising from disparities of wealth, was to be the cradle of the independence movement. Oaxaca, in the south and an area of cochineal cultivation, was a centre of sedentary village Indians. Here the *repartimiento*—was still operated by the *alcaldes mayores*, the local of the kingdom "—under-

**P. J. BAKEWELL :**
**Silver Mining and Society in Colonial Mexico, Zacatecas 1546-1700**
204pp. £5.

**D. A. BRADING :**
**Miners and Merchants in Bourbon Mexico 1763-1810**
382pp. £5.20.

**BRIAN R. HAMNETT :**
**Politics and Trade in Southern Mexico 1750-1821**
214pp. £3.80.

Cambridge University Press.

paid Crown officials who could implement their salaries by acting as agents for Mexico City merchants in exploiting the local Indian population.

Zacatecas was the touchstone of New Spain's economy in the sixteenth century as Guanajuato was to be in the eighteenth century. Dr Bakewell establishes the timing, causes and duration of Zacatecas's silver boom as well as questioning the widely accepted view of New Spain's "century of depression" deriving from the works of Borah, Chevalier and Chaunu. These have argued that the falling-off in the Atlantic trade in the opening decades of the seventeenth century was a major consequence of a labour crisis following on the sixteenth-century population catastrophe. But Dr Bakewell convincingly demonstrates that the labour shortage did not affect Zacatecan silver production, which only began to fall in the 1630s. The free labour system which had developed in a frontier area of labour scarcity consisted of a small, skilled work-force which made mining impervious to population fluctuations. Decline was not due to these but to the Crown's diversion of the crucial mercury supplies to Peru at the same time as it demanded payment of the miners' debts. Zacatecas did not revive until the end of the seventeenth century, when finance could be internally generated and the mercury supply was restored. By 1800 it was third in the volume of its production although, unlike Guanajuato, it was never financially autonomous.

Dr Bakewell argues that the qualitative differences between New Spain's economy in the sixteenth and seventeenth century, when a capitalist economy had replaced the earlier largely subsistence economy dependent on Indian labour service, make it unrealistic to talk loosely in terms of a "seventeenth-century depression". Seventeenth-century Mexico has not been sufficiently studied for Dr Bakewell to do more than conjecture about the causes for the decline in trade, but he argues that economic decline cannot be deduced from population decline without knowing considerably more than we do about the relative productivity of labour. If the view is correct that Spanish imports dropped not because of an economic depression in New Spain but because it had become more self-sufficient and a discriminating customer, traditional assumptions about the inefficiency of the *hacienda* will have to be revised.

John Lynch has recently argued that in the seventeenth century there was a shift in the economic centre of gravity within the Empire to Spanish America. Although this view can be overstated, autarchic economic development was not followed by political devolution. Such hopes were dashed by the Bourbon reforms, which subjected New Spain to more radical and efficient exploitation. The exigencies of internal reform in Spain itself, combined with the rising challenge from British power in North America and the Caribbean, necessitated a modernizing policy which reached a climax in the reforms initiated by José Gálvez.

Dr Hamnett's study of Oaxaca usefully complements Dr Brading's more general analysis of these administrative reforms. By concentrating on the centre of Spanish power in southern Mexico, Dr Hamnett is able to show how the reformers' attempts to break the hold of Mexico City merchants over the underpaid local Spanish administrators required some accommodation with local creole interests. But it was not the Bourbon intention to take power away from peninsular merchants and hand it over to creoles but rather to play off one group of peninsulars against another and to work out compromises with established interests. Neither peninsulars nor creoles were in fact satisfied nor did the Indians, the main sufferers from the previous collusion between merchants and administrators, benefit from the reforms. At the same time as creoles had little to gain from reforms imposed in the name of efficiency and fiscal necessity they had much to lose from the new wave of Spanish immigration, which emerges in Dr Brading's book as a distinctive feature of the latter half of the eighteenth century.

Unlike the windfall seekers of earlier years, the newcomers were peasant *hidalgos* from northern Spain — Basques and *montañeses* from Santander; spartan, parsimonious and unlike the stereotype picaresque *hidalgo*, they were avid to transform their noble pretensions into cash terms by hard work. Aided by family or provincial ties they often started their career as apprentice clerks in merchant houses until taken into partnership or married by rich creole heiresses, whose penchant for Spanish husbands, even if poor, rather than rich creoles put the seal on many an immigrant's rise to fortune. "Far from being pioneers", Dr Brading comments, "these immigrants entered a semi-hereditary, virtually endogamous, mercantile and entrepreneurial elite. In many senses it was these men rather than the great landowners and miners who formed New Spain's true aristocracy."

Here, at least, is one point of contact with what was occurring in North America. Some of Dr Brading's most interesting pages are those which contrast creole and immigrant mentalities, helping to explain the post-Independence hatred of the *gachupines* as well as those social attitudes which were to inhibit economic growth and frustrate political endeavour.

During the eighteenth century there was no shortage of strictures about the creoles' lack of enterpreneurial ability. They were distinguished by "languid inertia" and, in one view, "they despise the Indians and breeds, and, ashamed of their vices and dissipation, entertain secret aversion to, and envy of, Europeans, who by their toil, sobriety and energy enjoy considerable comfort". Creole indolence was a simple matter of character deficiency but derived from a social system which closed most doors to advancement to them. They were denied the benefits of an "active despotism", in Bolívar's phrase, being excluded from all but the lowest posts in the bureaucracy. Professional openings narrowed as competition from the rising number of immigrants increased. Commercial possibilities were restricted by the Spaniards' preference for their own kith and kin and credit was difficult to obtain, the vital bond of *confianza* did not extend to creoles.

In such a society mining promised one way to riches, but as Dr Brading shows it tended to attract the slightly avaricious or hopelessly impoverished. Fortunes could be easily lost—"mining as a profession was a remedy that more often killed than cured". Land may have been the major source of power, but it was also a cause of creole debility. Although the *hacienda* could provide a carapace in time of economic depression it was an unfirm foundation on which to build a stable landed estate class. Tithes, taxes, inheritance, clerical mortgages, dowries, litigation and conspicuous consumption ensured that few landed families survived the third generation. "The *hacienda*", observes Dr Brading, "was a sink through which drained without stop the surplus capital accumulated in the export economy". Fortunes, created in mining and commerce were invested in land, they would be slowly dissipated and to be gradually transferred into the coffers of the Church."

If the inefficiency of the seventeenth-century *hacienda* has been exaggerated it would seem hard to deny its productive inefficiency witnessed in the eighteenth century by the disastrous famines recently documented by the researches of Enrique Florescano, which struck Mexico at intervals throughout the century and which were to prove much of the popular discontent of 1809-10. Dr Bakewell's and Dr Brading's books, underline what Americanists have long felt to be a major research need—detailed regional studies of particular *haciendas* together with the family histories of their owners.

# From one ocean to the next

**IAN CAMERON :**
**The Impossible Dream**
The Building of the Panama Canal.
284pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £3.25.

Among the unsung heroes of the last century are the great civil engineers. It was they who exploited the new means provided by industry to change the landscape, and in so doing they changed the way in which people thought about the world around them. Such men as Brunel, Pearson and Stevens were the generals in what was then regarded as a war against nature in which man could usually be counted on—at least in the end—to emerge victorious. Our ideas have since changed, though not perhaps enough, as the continuing issues of an interoceanic canal across the Central American isthmus well shows.

The story of the successive attempts to build a Panama Canal is well known, but it still bears retelling. It was a great enterprise and a greater adventure, demanding courage, imagination, endurance, powers of organization and leadership, and above all skilful application of scientific and engineering knowledge. These qualities were fully displayed on both occasions. The failure of the French in the first effort of 1880 to 1888 made possible the success of the Americans in 1904 to 1914. It is one of the ironies of Ian Cameron's new history of the subject that he gives due recognition to the work of the French and their contribution to the ultimate completion of the canal.

The French began well but ended in disaster. The reasons are various—the formidable nature of the terrain, the incidence of yellow fever and malaria, the financial basis of their operations, inadequate planning and administration, local political instability. But these fundamental mistake, which turned out to be irremediable, was that they set out to build the wrong sort of canal. Lesseps, the elderly but virile victor of Suez, was determined, against engineer's advice, to build a sea-level water canal without locks from one side of the isthmus to the other. In the technical circumstances of the day it could not have been done. The French might in the end have coped with the unforeseen hazards of geological unconformity, floods, landslides, disease and the rest, but by the time they tried to change their plans, it was too late and the Compagnie Universelle du Canal Interocéanique collapsed in a welter of corruption, scandal, and mutual recrimination.

By contrast the Americans began badly but ended in triumph. They shamelessly solved the local political problem by promoting Panamanian independence from Colombia and signing a grotesquely unequal treaty (drafted by a cynic but fanatical Frenchman) with the new state, which gave—and gives—them almost sovereign rights over the canal. They took over much French equipment, and the admirable work on the geology, French surveys, and financial records and the administrative machinery of the French company. They put the public health authority in charge of the campaign against the mosquito *Aëdes Calopus* and thereby saved thousands of lives in Panama and elsewhere, should have neglected by Mr Cameron). They were able to profit by technical advances in earthmoving equipment, and, still more important, in the control of yellow fever and malaria. But above all, and whatever the vicissitudes, they had a feasible and soundly based plan of campaign. It was the same as that recommended by the French engineer Lóplney in 1879: the creation of a vast inland lake by damming the waters of the rivers Chagres and Rio Grande and cutting through the continental divide, and the construction of deep locks with canals leading to the Atlantic and Pacific at both ends.

It was easier said than done, and in the event took ten years to do. The Americans had their full share of mistakes and miscalculations of which the history of the Culebra cut is a good illustration. The French had calculated that 23 million cubic yards of excavation would be necessary. Judging by persistent landslides, the Americans budgeted for 53m. By 1908 the figure had been raised to 78m, by 1911 to 94m and by 1913 to 111m. In the end the total was 150m (incidentally these statistics have gone awry on page 217 of Mr Cameron's book). But flexible planning, sheer persistence, much individual devotion, and unwavering support from home saw the enterprise through its many troubles, and the first ship sailed across the isthmus in August 1914. It is fitting that William Gorgas, who identified yellow fever with the mosquito *Aëdes Calopus* and thereby saved thousands of lives in Panama and elsewhere, should have been the first to cross in a ship two years earlier.

The canal is now too small for aircraft carriers and supertankers and there is renewed talk of building a wider, sea-level canal. In the time the idea is to use nuclear explosives to do the excavation. The French embarked on their enterprise in 1880 with a certain conceit without real knowledge of consequences. In the event they were little harm to anyone but themselves. But if the American now to detonate a nuclear device across the isthmus their hubris would be less easily forgiven. The water levels of the Atlantic and Pacific are not the same, and the marine ecology is totally different. A sea-level canal would therefore have unpredictable effects on the climate of the area. As for nuclear fallout, atmospheric radiation could not be kept low, but contamination of the ground and disruption of the crustal equilibrium in a highly seismic area could be catastrophic. The "conquest of nature" always absurd, but the conquest of nature—in which we must number ourselves—is all too easy.

Mr Cameron has written an interesting book. He combines a knowledge of the technical and political aspects with understanding of the people concerned, whose story is in a great cause he clearly admires, and is able to commiserate occasionally superficial and wasteful of the wider significance of events. But his style is easy and flowing, driven by ironical hedonism by the ruthless demands of his art. Or something of the sort. As proof of the fact that Shea's Rabelaisian exterior conceals a gentle soul whimpering to be let out, he falls in love with a dewy-eyed girl who is perceptive enough to see that beneath the Rabelaisian exterior there lies concealed etc, etc. Fate, though, ever watchful where doomed genius roams unguarded, has made her the daughter of a local newspaper proprietor who would be happy to see Shea (epitome of all that is loathsome to the Conservative and Philistine mind) throttled with his own entrails.

Things, as they are wont to do, go from bad to worse. Shea, told by his wife of her (invented) infidelity, takes off to a sleazy hotel room (where else?) and goes on a bender, which, when the book closes, he may or may not be going to survive. The reader is not likely to be among those rooting for him.

# Ones, twos and threes

**DAVID PLANTE :**
**Relatives**
223pp. Cape. £1.95.

David Plante increasingly gives the impression of a talented writer somehow trapped by the elaborateness of his own ingenuities. In outline, *Relatives* has a promising plot. Val, stricken and isolated after the death of his wife, falls into—falls *back* into?—an intense relationship, claustrophobic and almost incestuous, with his sister Ann. Together they are involved in literally picking up, out of a crowd at a station, someone to make a joint relationship with. This is the experienced and ironical Russel, to whom all of the world, including himself, is finally ridiculous. Russel and Ann become lovers, with Val uneasily adapting to a trio relationship—striking up an oddly fascinated, yet resentful, stance towards the newcomer. The love affair flourishes, then gradually languishes. After a short separation, the three come together again at the end. However, Russel is no longer Ann's lover: Val, in fact, also loves him in his own way, but the brother-sister connexion has proved too overpowering for Russel to be anything more than Ann's pet.

The psychology of this tale is shrewdly worked out, the basic situation and its outcome ring true and sound interesting. But what Mr Plante has done with it is write a dull and contrived story. It unfolds by a series of brief scenes in which pairs of the trio, or all three, come into close yet cryptic interplay in a variety of settings: flats, beaches, stations, night clubs. Yet the scenes are not real—Mr Plante's desire to portray a real world is only minimal, the background locations of his plot are extremely dim. And the three people themselves are allowed to turn into little more than arcane symbols. Section by section, all of them move, with their thoughts busily and hypersensitively at work on their relation to the objects of the shadowy world around them, through an increasingly odd series of gestures towards one another which are presumably intended to carry enormous symbolic weight. All of this, in Mr Plante's charged, yet banal, poetic prose, gets weirdly opaque; and the opacity becomes even more boring.

Most damaging, perhaps, is the tendency of each of the three characters to register fairly similar sense-impressions in contact with the outside world and with each other, where some degree of dissimilarity might have made a more powerful point. Altogether, *Relatives* is a clever, yet bizarrely unsuccessful novel: what could have been a taut study of relationships becomes simply a pretentious oddity of a book.

# Thwarts and all

**PADDY KITCHEN :**
**Paradise**
190pp. Gollancz. £1.90.

The two leading indies of Paddy Kitchen's latest novel are shown experiencing such discouragement at the hands of publishers and colleagues that it seems unkind to subject their author to the same kind of wet-blanketing. But really, if only for the sake of novelists trying to make a better job of similar material, it has to be said that this will not do.

The theme is the not unfamiliar one of women trying to establish themselves as autonomous beings in a world that offers confusion and disappointment. Elinor writes and is married to bisexual David; Vanessa is an architect and brings up her daughter alone (with memories of Ben, and Bernard, and William, and John, and Barnett, and Jocelyn—not a bad record for a character presented as level-headed and efficient). Elinor's salvation seems to lie in discovering that she and her husband can have random sexual experiences with others and be all the better for it; Vanessa's in finding that her work is the basis of her real life and independence. The male characters are props.

But then so are the female characters. No real inside intuition is conveyed about what it is like to be Elinor or Vanessa; we are told that Vanessa "felt almost airborne" or Elinor "was absurdly self-conscious" but we have no more reasons for believing it than if we read it in a newspaper. Words—in novels—are for making patterns of people, places, ideas, feelings, moments seem real, only more so: not for relating a mere series of events. Paddy Kitchen's characters even talk the same kind of monotonous prose, neither lifelike nor stylized, in which the story is narrated.

Currants in a very stodgy cake: descriptions of architecture that come to life; and a robustly cruel put-down of publishers.

# Bottle stations

**TONY ASPLER :**
**The Streets of Askelon**
199pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.

It may be true (as Al Alvarez once suggested) that poets are likely to resemble the man next door—or even *be* the man next door—in novels, though, they are almost bound to be roaring bores. And Bart Shea, the hero of Tony Aspler's book, is no exception. A sort of Dylan Behan, he has boozed, brawled and fornicated his way across America on one of those legendary reading tours which seem solely to construct a meaty myth which will provide cocktail-party guests with an almost limitless fund of anecdotes; the poetry is a side issue: it's the stolen shirts, the vomit on the carpet and the bruised buttocks of the hostess that get the glory.

Bart Shea can act along with the best of them. Fresh from triumphant American excesses which included laying a Chinese librarian atop a grand piano, he roars boyishly into Montreal to wind up the tour, and within a few hours has been arrested during a raid on a hotel. Next he appears on television and gives an endearingly smutty performance, bringing the interviewer to tears and wreaking havoc in the studio floor. His manager watches, distracted and frantic at the prospect of lost bookings, but still wedded to Shea's monumental talent. The poet's wife, who has the singular disadvantage of being wedded to the poet, not his talent, blites on the stem of her pipe (a symbol of her independence) and chokes back the tears—something she's become accustomed to doing since those old dark days of anonymity and disappointment gave way to the new, dark days of fame and sophomores.

What lies behind all the stagy concupiscence and peep-show boozing, needless to say, is a tortured and fundamentally sensitive human being, driven to frenzied hedonism by the ruthless demands of his art. Or something of the sort. As proof there is a lengthy flashback to his meeting with Susan, their romance and their marriage. It is here that Tony's narrative—already revealed in the opening section of the novel as tending towards the gauche—achieves moments of twittering lunacy in its attempt to capture moments of joy and insight. As the lovers walk through a park, Susan allows her fingers to touch Tony's hand; the result is enough to make LSD look like a dyspepsia tablet:

> I was transported to the seventh heaven of delight. . . . Awareness broke over me like a tidal wave . . . I felt as though I were a child's balloon being blown up by a divine breath. Vaster and vaster I expanded. In a moment I contained the park. . . . Seas broke and foamed within me; clouds spun through me like silver tops. I held the turning world . . . all the heavens and the angelic hosts. Brighter and brighter throbbed the ineffable light. . . . In one long scream my terror rent the veil of the universe. . . . Then blackness—*Nada*. . . . Years passed; aeons . . . Eternity itself.

Those are extracted passages. And there's more. It goes without saying that that kind of metaphorical sludge does little to enhance Colin Murray's heros any more than the grotesquely coy accounts of sex, during which Tony tells us that his "John Thomas" was "up and raring to go". He might manage to engage our sympathy to begin with, but it's difficult to forgive prose like that.

# Higher and higher

**COLIN MURRY :**
**Private View**
192pp. Dennis Dobson. £2.10.

Tony Braydon, a family man and happy to be that way, is getting through another tolerable day's teaching, when he is called to the headmaster's office and told that the wife and child he loves have been killed in a road accident. *Private View* is the story of Braydon's intense relationship with Susan, of their tragically short marriage, and of the way in which he finally breaks through the confines of grief to some kind of new understanding of himself.

To break the news to his parents-in-law, Tony travels to London intending to make a phone call from the station to let them know that he will be calling. By mistake, he dials the number of the girl who first introduced him to Susan and with whom he has conducted a lingering half-hearted affair. He goes to her rather than to his in-laws, and from there embarks on a strangely otherworldly odyssey; a party where he makes love to a grossly fat girl whose name turns out to be Sue, a turkish bath frequented by a bizarre assortment of dedicated queers, and finally on to the in-laws for a bitter confrontation.

Before all this happens, though, there is a lengthy flashback to his

# Crime in short

**MICHAEL ANDREWS :**
**Carneol Reef**
192pp. Hale. £1.40.

Interesting first thriller about a tiny derelict Caribbean island, racked by poverty and internal strains and apparently ripe for exploitation, but almost unitedly determined to save itself. The story needed more length for resolving well-made but inadequately developed human relationships, but, for a first, is unusual and hopeful.

**MARION BARSON :**
**Murder on Show**
192pp. Collins. £1.50.

What was the prize-winning, foul-tempered Manx cat so desperately trying to communicate to PRO Douglas Perkins, hero-narrator of Marion Babson's second novel; which is as fetching as her first, and not least because what the Manx was trying to get over was credibly within its capacity. One could complain that the minor mysteries at the cat-show interest the author (but us too) more than the deaths by grenter cats, but this is an engaging book, dissolving into happy endings rather better constructed than the major crimes.

**JOHN BROWN :**
**The Chancer**
223pp. Macmillan. £2.25.

This is an excellent and horrible first novel about drug corruption in an ordinary small English town. The author, who has written a social study of immigrants, knows what he's talking about, and through his tough, decent policeman hero hits out no less at the self-protective blindness of the respectable (especially the magistrates and high-ranking coppers) than at the rot on the streets and in the alleys. All this is shockingly convincing and as realistic as we once found Colin MacInnes—in fact, you could say it's MacInnes updated to times that, for the unintegrated, deliberate or accidental, have become much worse.

**KAREN CAMPBELL :**
**Thunder on Sunday**
222pp. Collins. £1.75.

Passenger aircraft, Iceland to Glasgow, forced down on almost lost island, drowned in mysterious terrors and dreadful rites; a crackingly good adventure story, just close enough to credibility to give quite a shiver.

**URSULA CURTISS :**
**Letter of Intent**
188pp. Macmillan. £1.60.

Clever menacing tale of nemesis creeping up on a woman who has been cruelly, cunningly on the make, and fears the wrong dangers.

**MICHAEL DELVING :**
**A Shadow of Himself**
191pp. Collins. £1.50.

Cherokee antique-dealer Eddison comes to England again, hunting down curios and his girl and mixing again in English village high drama: a good story.

**NICOLAS FREELING :**
**A Long Silence**
249pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2.

There will be no return from the Reichenbach Falls, says the blurb. Van der Valk is dead, dead halfway through a novel in which Freeling the novelist experiments with great boldness, playing a part, *in propria persona*, setting up a search for natural justice which (but Freeling says it first) can't but recall *Swallows and Amazons* and *Emil and the Detectives*. Does it come off? Well enough, and largely because Freeling can always grip with story-telling, but we've known and liked Van der Valk too well and far too long to be quite easy with post-mortem farce, however serious. A successor is promised—well, let's wait and see, and meanwhile congratulate Freeling on his boldness, his narrative powers and his socially desirable moral, if with an unease that finally identifies itself as a bad taste.

**GEORGE V. HIGGINS :**
**The Friends of Eddie Coyle**
183pp. Secker and Warburg. £1.95.

Tough United States crime with some differences, viz: set in Boston; written by an Assistant United States Attorney; intelligent; realistic; rather good.

**PETER LOVESEY :**
**Abracadaver**
220pp. Macmillan. £1.75.

Yet another good Victorian background, this time London: music-halls in 1881, with Peter Lovesey's gruff Sergeant Cribbe and Constable Thackeray still evocatively in period. The crimes, and set-up are weirdly macabre, the major criminal ungiuessable until revealed.

**DONALD McLACHLAN :**
**No Case for the Crown**
186pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £1.75.

There's no mystery here. We know the content of the leak the editor was about to discover and who killed him and how the tension, which is taut, arises from our anxiety that potential leads shan't be missed (disturbingly for national security, one is), from the potential of the methods used to contain the threat, and from wondering just how ruthless the Prime Minister is prepared to be, how much more ready to protect his party's position than his country's.

**JENNIE MELVILLE :**
**Ironwood**
190pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £1.50.

Not, this time, about Jennie Melville's ever-haunted policewoman but a charming eerie romance-thriller about a beautiful scarred *hochgeborene* girl who lives in the woods, looks like an angel, and is suspected of being a multiple poisoner.

**ANTHONY PRICE :**
**Colonel Butler's Wolf**
224pp. Gollancz. £1.75.

This time Anthony Price takes a new hero from his same secret-service firm, the eponymous Colonel Butler, risen from the ranks, never seen war, *par excellence* the blunt, patriotic soldier. Egged on by the enigmatic Audley whom he profoundly distrusts, Butler saves England via Oxford and Hadrian's Wall, relying on decency, training and good sense to overcome an ingeniously subtle adversary.

**JOHN ROSSITER :**
**A Rope for General Dietz**
187pp. Constable. £1.70.

Our man is sent to Spain to save an ex-Nazi general from topping by two vengeful British. Clever set-up, cleverly if brutally worked out.

**KENNETH ROYCE :**
**The Miniatures Frame**
192pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £1.60.

Ex-creeper Spider on a Royal Commission?—this we can only just take. But it serves to set up another good story, at its best, as before, when Spider reverts to his wicked old profession, from the very best of motives, of course.

**COLIN WATSON :**
**Broomsticks over Flaxborough**
221pp. Eyre Methuen. £1.80.

Pleasant to have Colin Watson writing another ridiculous story whose title is sufficiently indicative of the theme, and the author's name of his own peculiarly effective fun. A silly, that-wicked Lucilla Teatime's role is, this time, a small one.

**MARTIN WOODHOUSE :**
**Manna Doll**
200pp. Heinemann. £1.95.

Dr Giles Yeoman thankfully back! has amnesia long enough to provide a splendid blow-by-blow account of a brain operation by local neurologists, then the usual misuse of science shuddduggery, with Yeoman rationalizing like crazy, and always engaging Yankee colleague Brightwell to pick up the bits. Murder method, little related, subtly ingenious, but doubtful.

# Passion without proof

**MADAME DE DURAS:**
**Olivier, ou le secret**
Edited by Denise Virieux.
308pp. Paris: José Corti. 45fr.

Claire Lechat de Kersaint, Mme de Duras, was born in 1778, in the reign of Louis XVI. She died in 1828, during the Bourbon Restoration. She was the wife of the duc de Duras, a former *emigré* much honoured by Louis XVIII. Her literary *salon* was among the most remarkable of the Restoration period. She is, perhaps, best known as a novelist. Between the end of 1821 and the end of 1822 she wrote all her five novels. Writing had seized her, like a fever:

Cela me prend par accès, je suis comme possédée de quelque chose, j'y pense toujours, je suis obligée de me commander pour être à la conversation et parler de sujets indifférents, puis tout à coup tout déménage, il ne reste rien, et si je veux écrire, il ne me vient rien du tout.

In her edition of *Olivier*, Denise Virieux suggests that this intense activity was occasioned by the author's loneliness. The duchesse de Duras was enamoured of Chateaubriand (then Ambassador in London, and devoted to Mme Récamier). Unable to enjoy his company, she found solace in creative work: not in writing simple Romantic novels (though *Olivier* clearly belongs to its age), but novels which took controversial themes and analysed them with perception.

*Ourika*, which was published in 1824, describes the impossible passion of a negress for a noble young Frenchman: a curiously modern racial theme. *Edouard*, published the following year, describes the love of a young *courtier* for his adopted sister: another socially impossible passion. In *Olivier, ou le secret*, Mme de Duras takes a much more delicate theme: that of sexual impotence. Olivier's secret is his inability to prove his love to Mme de Nangis. Constantly obliged to elude her, or to feign indifference, he finally confesses his passion. "une passion à jamais sans espérance". Mme de Nangis, much enamoured of him, cannot understand his behaviour, or comprehend his growing melancholy. Olivier! Quelle est la source du chagrin qui vous consume? de l'état affreux où vous êtes? Votre mélancolie, votre abattement, sont-ils les symptômes de cette douleur dont vous m'avez fait lire entrevoir la cause? Chagrin pour vos larges dettes, vive, votre visage abattu, ébranlent mes résolutions portant le désespoir dans mon cœur: l'état où vous avez été cette nuit y met le comble. Hélas! je ne sais donc pas comment je t'aime si in crois que je peux résister à la crainte de te perdre! Dis un mot, Olivier, et Louise qui n'a jamais vécu que pour toi immolera sa vertu à ton bonheur et son repos à ta vie: mais que dis-moi ce sacrifice te rende à toi-même!

Rather than reveal his secret Olivier kills himself in the presence of Mme de Nangis. He proves his devotion by freeing her.

The subject of *Olivier*, discussed in literary circles, is said to have inspired Stendhal to write *Armance*. However that may be, the manuscript was discovered as late as 1970. It was found, in his family archives, by the Comte de Charlellux, descendant of Clara de Ranzan, the younger daughter of Mme de Duras. Mlle Virieux gives it to us now, for the first time.

It is perhaps ungenerous to regret the absence of an index: otherwise she has presented the text with diligence. Its publication is an event for students of Stendhal, and for specialists in the history of the French novel. What most impresses the modern reader is the delicacy with which a delicate subject has been treated. Today one is surfeited with so-called literature on sex, written with commercial acumen rather than compassion. *Olivier*, which must be one of the earliest psychological novels, is touching for its gentleness and restraint.

# Courtly conceits

**GARETH A. DAVIES:**
**A Poet at Court: Antonio Hurtado de Mendoza 1586-1644**
367pp. Oxford: Dolphin. £4.50.

Belonging to a Basque family which had long been associated with service at the Spanish court, Antonio Hurtado de Mendoza distinguished himself by a rapid rise, over a period of about five years, from a position of comparative obscurity to be not only royal secretary under Philip IV, but an intimate associate of the power behind the throne, the Conde-Duque de Olivares.

Gareth A. Davies's study gives a useful idea of what the courtly *cursus honorum* was like in seventeenth-century Spain, but the main interest of his work lies in the picture which it presents of a literary figure who, working entirely in the context of courtly conventions, achieved a high place, at least in the second rank of Spanish poets and dramatists of the Golden Age. Although much neglected, Mendoza was an enormously popular writer, whose poetry was mainly known, like that of most of his kind, through oral and later manuscript tradition, rather than through printed versions, although his work appeared early in anthologies. He attracted the notice of Sir Richard Fanshawe, who translated two of Mendoza's works which were published in 1671: and Molière and Le Sage were indebted to *L'Ecosse des maris* and *Santillane*.

A typical court poet, could turn his hand to although he rarely strikes genius, he appears always done everything at least better than might have quired or even expected even if there are hints that his eye on the main chance his regard for the court sometimes to have run him and made him forget the experience he seeks to nate. Yet accusations of ity are difficult to sustain our devotional verse in *de Nuestra Señora* or of plays, which although one prevailing *comedia* style like his interludes, very an underlying note of and political and moral well as an unusually chological interest in especially women.

Dr Davies's work is not only to the professional ist, but to all who are courtly poetry and its traditions and conventions ison with the Elizabethan poets is made easier by the of English translations of quotations. This is an produced work, with place where they are read and therefore footnote of the page.

# Creation myths

**GERARD DE NERVAL:**
**Journey to the Orient**
Selected and Translated by Norman Glass
215pp. Peter Owen. £3.25.

Travel books were favourite money-spinners for the Romantics, and usually of minor interest, but Nerval's *Voyage en orient* -the account of a journey around the Mediterranean in 1843—has particular significance for his admirers. Among the picturesque or mundane details he inserted three tales which are fictional expressions of his own aesthetic and moral quest for the understanding of the perfect act of poetic creation.

In the section called "Les pyramides", a Prussian officer reconstructs for him an initiation into the mysteries of Osiris; in "Histoire du Calife Hakem", the Caliph, in love with his sister, is tortured then helped out of this world by a mysterious double acting on his sister's orders; and the "Histoire de la reine du matin" tells how the master artist Adoniram, in love with Balkis, Queen of Sheba, was assassinated by Solomon's men, his own underlings.

Norman Glass includes the last two tales in the three episodes he has chosen to translate; justifying a selection on the grounds that the one-time exotic appeal of the whole 700 pages has now faded because of our greater documentary knowledge of the Middle East. A third episode chosen for this first English translation, is the colourful story of Zetnaybia, the slave-girl Nerval claimed to have bought in Cairo. It is linked to the others, if not by any orphic connotation, at least through the charm of women, which Nerval considered as a path to mystical experience.

The translation is lively and very readable, though it occasionally errs in grafting phoney "oriental" exaggeration onto Nerval's plain idiom. As it also for the sake of extra exoticism that Mr Glass has preserved the French narrative present tense, which is merely confusing in English?

# Heine honoured

**FRITZ MENDE:**
**Heinrich Heine: Chronik seines Lebens und Werkes**
418pp. Berlin: Akademie. M 15.

The "chronicle" seems to be a peculiarly German phenomenon. It presents in chronological order and bald factual manner what is known about the activities of a writer: where he was living, whom he was meeting, what he was writing, reading, thinking about at a given time, so far as this can be gleaned from minute study of all available documents. This has distinct advantages over the finished biography. It is ideal for quick reference, and especially for following up a hunch or a particular topic without being balked by a biographer's selectivity or order of presentation.

Fritz Mende's is an excellent example of the genre, made more useful still by its array of indexes, which make all the materials swiftly accessible. It is a most valuable key to the life and work of a man whose contacts and interests make him a microcosm of the European literary world of the nineteenth century.

It is also, incidentally, a status-symbol: the treatment is reserved for important author. As such more sign that Heine is never before. It is only he should be in East because of his political and this volume in fact the work of a team East German *Sektionswerk* there are two further Heine's works in Federal Republic. And autumn Heine's birthplace dorf), will witness an Heine Congress with official receptions and subdivisions ("Section and Religion", "Section Sketches", etc). Gone are when even the proposal statue to the poet raised controversy. That, and happened subsequently, is compensated in best Germ ion. On the whole, one that irony and what called subversion have official. But there will be of a smile wandering Düsseldorf in October.

# Form first

**FRANÇOIS RIGOLOT:**
**Les langages de Rabelais**
186pp. Geneva: Droz. 42 Sw fr.

Much more than his theme or narrative technique it is language that makes Rabelais unique and study of his style in recent years tends to stress the primacy of form over content, even to say that form is content. Thus François Rigolot (whose name, as he says of Grandgousier, "est tout un programme") concludes an interesting section on the two systems of education applied to Gargantua: "il ne s'agit donc pas de comparer des 'méthodes' mais de contraster des styles". His own method of stylistic analysis is both sensible and illuminating, and his section on Baiseul and Humevesne, for example, is a particularly successful treatment of that extended *coq-à-l'âne*, demonstrating very lucidly how an emply syntactical shell repeatedly lures the reader into believing he has grasped sense where there is none.

Some of his observations vocative and original, like "mites sont des moutons de avant la lettre" but others felicitous, like the concluding "Pour amener sa vision de . . . à son degré maximal de vité il n'est pas étonnant que parole qui réconcilliât la voluptet l'euphorie viscérale, inc M Rigolot insists that Ra thought as such is inseparable the language used to express exactly, from the problematics of finding the appropriate and in a sense this is true thought. But in another, equally important, sense, Ra comic vision, with its pu people and scenes, its panora fantastic and colourful remains smilingly visible like of Cheshire Cat after the conjured it up have faded memory. This is a stimulating novel approach, free of the naïve stridency which mar recent interpretations of Ra



# Books received

## Art and Architecture

DOUGAN, DAVID. *Newcastle*. 64pp. Newcastle upon Tyne: Frank Graham. £2.

Old Newcastle is displayed in a collection of prints, the modern city in a series of photographs: the contrast is sharp but not by any means wholly to the disadvantage of the newer buildings. Newcastle is now in its second period of planning—the first was at the beginning of the last century when the city centre was designed by Richard Grainger—and despite some ugly office buildings David Dougan considers the omens are good.

LITTLE, BRYAN. *English Cathedrals*. 159pp including 107 plates. Batsford. £2.

An introduction to the general history and purpose of cathedrals is followed by short descriptions of the twenty-six older foundations, showing that each has some unique features. A. F. Kersting's black-and-white photographs and twenty-four colour-plates present unhackneyed views of these great buildings. The colour does more justice to their exteriors than interiors. Though eye-catching, it cannot match the glory of good church glass of any period.

NEW, ANTHONY S. B. *The Observer's Book of Cathedrals*. 199pp. Frederick Warne. 45p.

The latest addition to the "Observer's Book" series is contributed by a practising architect and is a handy introduction not only to the cathedrals of the British Isles but also to those of Europe. The general description of cathedral architecture and design is followed by lists, with brief descriptions, of our own cathedrals and those of other European countries, plentifully illustrated with sketches, plans and photographs. A colour scheme enables the reader to distinguish at a glance the various architectural styles embodied in each building. The book is like its predecessors (the series now numbers nearly fifty volumes) packs much useful information into a small space, and its price has been kept commendably low.

## Arts and Crafts

HEAL, AMBROSE (Compiler). *The London Goldsmiths 1200-1800*. 279pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles Reprints. £4.75.

This is a reprint of a volume first published in 1935, in which Sir Ambrose Heal drew from the records of the Goldsmiths Company and other sources a list of some thousands of London goldsmiths active from the early Middle Ages down to the end of the eighteenth century. Illustrations reproduce a number of their ornamental trade cards and shop signs.

## Astronomy

BROWN, PETER LANCASTER. *Astronomy in Colour*. 263pp including 165 plates. Blandford. £1.65.

In his latest book, Peter Lancaster Brown has attempted to provide a short account of the whole of astronomy in less than two hundred pages. He has covered the essential features of the subject, following the conventional pattern, beginning with the Earth and its movements, and discussing in turn the solar system and our own galaxy. Two brief chapters on the external galaxies and on astronomical instruments follow, and there are appendixes giving data and definitions. The book is copiously illustrated, a particular feature being eighty pages of illustrations in colour. These are of very varied quality and interest, for although colour plates are attractive in themselves, there is always the danger that the colour rendering is far from true. Indeed, no human eye has ever seen the distant nebulae displayed in the colours such as these—a characteristic of colour film and colour printing which should have been mentioned. The book is thoroughly up-to-date, but in such a concise account of a vast subject, definitions and explanations must suffer from the enforced brevity.

MOORE, PATRICK and HARDY, DAVID A. *Challenge of the Stars*. 63pp. Mitchell Beazley with Sidgwick and Jackson. £2.25.

Described as a forecast of the future exploration of the Universe, this attractive book is noteworthy for the many beautiful paintings by David Hardy, whose imaginative yet accurate pictures of astronomical subjects have earned him a well-deserved reputation. The accompanying text is informative but not too detailed. Concentrating on recent discoveries of conditions on the Moon and planets, some of them of a very surprising nature, it shows something of our present knowledge and future intentions. Before the end of the century exploration of the nearer planets may be achieved, while the proposed "grand tour" may also uncover some of the secrets of the giant outer planets. Beyond these lie the distant stars, and here we stand in imagination on a planet which encircles some peculiar star quite unlike our Sun. In the event, this fascinating glimpse into the future may prove to be wrong, but as Arthur Clarke says in his foreword, "the Moon is not the goal but merely the beginning of real space exploration".

## Biography and Memoirs

ODLE, ROSE. *Salt of Our Youth*. 154pp. Penzance: Wordens of Cornwall. £1.50 (paperback, 75p).

From Kiev to Rose Cottage, Faversham, by way of Bethnal Green, is a road as improbable as it is long. In her eighties Rose Odle, sister-in-law and executor of the late Dorothy Richardson, tells, with brilliant clarity, what life was like for a Russian Jewish family of widowed mother, three children and household help, with a background of ease and scholarship, who had to make a fresh start in Brady Street Dwellings.

For the author herself, after a career and family life in which she combined teaching under the LCC with a rich experience of friendships in literary London, there was to be a remarkable old age. In her so-called retirement she entered a new field of activity as a broadcaster and occasional journalist. Mrs Odle is particularly successful in recapturing the intellectual excitement, a drunkenness with ideas, which, for her brothers and herself and the contemporaries, living on bread and lemon tea, cheese and salted herrings, was so powerful a stimulus.

## Education

RICHMOND, W. KENNETH. *The Literature of Education*. A Critical Bibliography 1945-1970. 206pp. Methuen. £2.60 (paperback, £1.30).

W. Kenneth Richmond uses his wide-ranging knowledge to present a fluent bibliography of postwar writing on education with a commentary which puts the many parts into perspective. A general introduction spans what he calls "the years of drift" (1945-1960) and "the trend" which followed the publication of the Crowther Report. Then come gusty individual introductions and comprehensive booklists on the philosophy of education, educational theory, curriculum study, educational psychology, the history of education, the sociology of education, educational administration, comparative education, the economics of education and educational technology. Teachers in training colleges will find the book extremely useful. One caveat: they will have to be able to place a work in its proper category before they can look it up and sometimes even know its year of publication. This lust refinement of classification may be interesting from the historical aspect but it is tiresome for anyone who wants some facts about a book and is in a hurry.

TAYLOR, H. J. F. *School and Counselling*. 160pp. Macmillan £1.60 (paperback, 92p.)

The school counsellor, a well-known figure in America, is still rare in schools here. He is a hybrid personality, part priest, part careers adviser, part assessor. H. J. Taylor's interesting book uses his experience as an educational psychologist to look at these roles and see how the therapeutic, vocational guidance and psychometric aspects of the job can best be balanced. There are now four full-time one-year university courses which train experienced teachers for school counselling posts. This will be a valuable book for students at these courses and others reading it will be impressed by the need for individual and group counselling, particularly among those children most at risk in our society.

TOMIAK, J. J. *The Soviet Union*. 144pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £2.50.

J. J. Tomiak's useful book is the first of a series which will cover a number of countries in some detail. It surveys the history of education in the Soviet Union, describing first the disruption of the war, then the attempt to move education on to a progressive basis, and its switch back under Stalin to a much more orthodox type of system. This is followed by a description of how education is in practice fitted into the Soviet plans. There is then a detailed description of the administration and finance of planning of the education system, followed by a survey of the structure of the school system and of higher and adult education. The book ends with a discussion of the teacher training system.

There is little attempt to make judgments about the system, and the emphasis of the book is on providing factual and descriptive material which will enable the reader to make his own assessment of the situation.

## History

ARONSON, THEO. *Queen Victoria and the Bonapartes*. 260pp. Cassell. £2.75.

The friendship of the English Royal Family with Napoleon III, his wife and son is set here in an agreeable and informative fashion by Theo Aronson. The meat of the story is tolerably familiar from Queen Victoria's letters and a diversity of excellent biographies—though Mr Aronson might with advantage have referred his readers to the important life of the Emperor by F. A. Simpson. Mr Aronson's book might be described as a conflation of the familiar and this gives the reader the chance to appreciate how this alliance and friendship looked from both sides of the Channel.

BUTTERFIELD, HERBERT. *The Discontinuities between the Generations in History*. The Rede Lecture 1971. 34pp. Cambridge University Press. Paperback, 40p.

In his Rede Lecture Sir Herbert Butterfield reflects on the generation gap in a broad historical sense, inquiring how far a previous generation's experiences and warnings can effectively influence its successors. Continuity, he maintains, can be preserved and political experience built up from generation to generation, particularly in the field of diplomacy or in an aristocratic society. But disasters not directly experienced are soon forgotten; and without that experience the warnings from the past largely fail in their impact.

## Lexicography

*Chambers Twentieth Century Dictionary*. Edited by A. M. Macdonald. 1,641pp. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. £2.50.

This is, of course, essential to crossword addicts. For general purposes it has always been a solid reliable small dictionary and this revised version continues the tradition, reasonably well updated in conventional fields (such as, of course, the now obligatory four-letter words) but without real lexicographical originality; the mandatory quick check, with the letter "M" picked at random, showed the omission of *Melba sauce*, of *meter-feeding* and *meter-maids* and of the modern rude use of *mother*. But if the utmost modernity is not sought, then this is a sturdy reference book for the small library, with good appendixes that usefully offer foreign quotations, Greek and Russian alphabets, a dictionary of Christian names, etc.

## Literature and Criticism

JANSEN, F. J. BILLESKOV and MITCHELL, P. M. (Editors). *Anthology of Danish Literature*. Bilingual Edition. 600pp. Southern Illinois University Press. London: Feffer and Simons. £7.

This anthology is based on an almost identical *Anthologie de la littérature danoise*, edited by F. J. Billeskov Jansen and published by Editions Montaigne in 1964. In the present edition P. M. Mitchell is responsible for the English text, translated by some thirty English and American translators. The book contains some forty representative Danish texts, ranging from the Middle Ages to the present day. Approximately half the Danish texts have previously appeared in English—this applies for instance to the ballads, and to the texts by Leonora Christina, Holberg, Oehlenschläger, Blicher, Andersen, Kierkegaard, Jacobsen, Bang, Karen Blixen, H. C. Branner and Kaj Munk. It is not quite clear what category of readers the editors had in mind, but the book will certainly be useful to students of Danish literature.

## Local History

BALL, ADRIAN. *Yesterday in Bath*. A camera record 1849-1949. Designed by Douglas Merritt. 144pp. Adrian Ball and Associates. £3.

What was life in Bath like after Beau Nash and before the blitz of 1942? In preparing this record for the Bath Festival of 1972 its compilers were faced with a surprising shortage of photographic evidence. Fortunately "Talbotypes" of Bath in the 1840s and 1850s were found; Fox-Talbot and Friese-Greene, both pioneers of photography, lived locally. Here is the city of Bath chairs, Bath Olivers and Bath buns, Bath dignitaries and ordinary Bath citizens going about their daily lives. A pleasant commentary supports the photographs. Railways, trams and large hotels came to Bath, but the fashionable world who once took its waters went to Continental spas instead and sent their children to the seaside. Nineteenth-century Bath seems to have been a comfortable if slightly comatose place; many streets and shops, even the Roman Baths, look rundown. On the whole, the Victorians dealt very gently with Bath; nor did the blitz of 1942 destroy its Georgian grace. Today Bath's beauty is constantly being eroded; new plans, with or without tunnels, seem designed more to draw traffic into Bath than to keep it out. This book raises an obvious question: what will a similar record of Bath over the next century, even half a century, show?

## Political Thought

*The Political Writings of Leibniz*. Translated and edited by Patrick Riley. 206pp. Cambridge University Press. £5.

This is an attractive little volume. Among its merits is an introduction in which Patrick Riley makes just the right claims on Leibniz's behalf. He does not pretend that Leibniz foreshadows a new era in politics in the way that Hobbes and Locke do, and he agrees that it is as difficult as it has always looked to reconcile the belief that this is (already) the best of all possible worlds with a realization of the importance of human effort in improving it. But he gives an illuminating account of Leibniz's hopes for the reunion of Christendom under a revived Empire which would leave much of its power in the hands of subordinate princes and a reformed Papacy which would be governed according to the principles of the Conciliar movement. And he provides a useful sketch of Leibniz's diplomatic career in the service of the Hanoverian court, with its sad finale when George I insisted on his pound of flesh and left poor Leibniz in Hanover to finish his history of the House of Hanover rather than take him to England.

Among the writings which Professor Riley has selected, the satirical "Mars Christianissimus" gives the lie to Bertrand Russell's portrait of Leibniz as a toady to every passing prince. For it is a ferocious attack on Louis XIV's treacherous and bellicose foreign policy, written with a verve that does a good deal to rectify Leibniz's Panglossian image. Although there is a good deal of interest in several of his criticisms of Hobbes and Putendorf. In these, with their concern for a limited sovereignty and for a form of government amenable to the constraints of natural law, one can see Leibniz facing backwards to the medieval concern for the rights of intermediate rungs in the social and political hierarchy and forwards to the pluralism on which a later liberalism was to found itself.

## Travel and Topography

MILLER, HELEN HILL. *Greece Through The Ages*. As seen by Travellers from Herodotus to Byron. 324pp. Dent. £5.50.

Greece has been a magnet for tourists from western Europe and America since the eighteenth century, but they were by no means the first. Herodotus in the fifth century BC may be counted the earliest whose personal record survives, though there were others before him. Pausanias in the second century AD is the most famous and systematic of early Baedekers. Cyriac of Ancona illuminates medieval Athens: the fact that the earliest known sketch of the Parthenon, linked with his writings, is wholly inaccurate cannot be blamed on him. All these and dozens of others, up to the middle of the last century, are brought together and extensively quoted in Helen Hill Miller's handsome and scholarly book.

The quotations are notably supported by contemporary illustrations and modern photographs, some of the former being hitherto unpublished. The first chapter parades and identifies the travellers individually, the subsequent chapters deal with the principal sites and regions they visited: Athens, Sounion, Eleusis, Delphi, Aegina, Corinth, the Argolid, Epidaurus, Bassae, Olympia. Only the omission of most of the Islands will be a cause for regret. But Mrs Miller will make an agreeable companion for the armchair traveller in most other parts of Greece. Particularly valuable are her extracts from contemporary accounts of the first archaeological excavations at several sites.

ROWLEY, TREVEL. *The Shropshire Landscape*. 272pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £3.25.

Trevel Rowley does for Shropshire what others have already done for the West Riding, Dorset and Northumberland in the "Making of the English Landscape" series. W. G. Hoskins launched the series sixteen years ago with his book of that title and now writes an introduction to this one in which he tells us that he has since come to view the English scene in an even longer historical perspective: "I think it highly likely that in some favoured parts of England farming has gone on in an unbroken continuity since the Iron Age, perhaps even since the Bronze Age; and that many of our villages were first settled at the same time." With the help of plans and aerial photographs Trevel Rowley traces the visible evidences which each race and age has left on the Shropshire landscape.

## War

GARAWAY, E. B. *Grey Wolf, Grey Sea*. 245pp. Arthur Barker. £1.75.

Authentic accounts of the experiences of German U-boat crews in the Second World War written in English are rare. The career of U-124, the subject of this book first published in the United States in 1970, provides a good illustration of the stresses and dangers of the Battle of the Atlantic before its turning-point in April, 1943. In addition to operating in the north and south Atlantic, U-124 was one of the handful of submarines which caused such havoc against the scandalously unprotected shipping off the eastern American coast in the early months of 1942. E. B. Garaway has been assiduous in tracking down survivors of her crew and his book is largely a compilation of their recollections. As such it is hardly history and, lacking as it is in imaginative insight and any depth of understanding, it does nothing to fill a definite gap in war literature.

# Cosmic collisions

**ALFRED BRUST:**
**Dramen**
Edited by Horst Denkler
318pp. Munich: Wilhelm Fink. DM48.

Alfred Brust (1891-1934) is one of a dwindling band of neglected Expressionists still at large, and this impressive collection of dramas edited by the indefatigable Horst Denkler marks the first stage in his capture and preservation for scholarly posterity. Further volumes of prose and correspondence are promised.

From the textual critic's point of view, a modern edition such as this is clearly superior to a photographic reprint. But the gay profusion of such productions, flooding on to the market has, at the very least, had the effect of permitting some period flavour to percolate through, particularly in respect of illustrative material; and in a field where illustration is sparse indeed, the publishers are to be congratulated on including Karl Schmidt-Rotluff's magnificent woodcuts, which add a startlingly primitivist dimension to the text of *Das Spiel Christa*, which they were done to illustrate.

It was to this particular play that Brust was referring when, in 1918, he predicted that one of his dramas was so far ahead of its time that it would take twenty years for it to become properly understood, The year 1938 was not a good one for German Expressionists, and even now, more than a half a century after its composition, *Das Spiel Christa vom Schmerz und Schönheit des Weibes* and its companion pieces are still hopefully awaiting rediscovery and comprehension. Brust remains almost totally unknown outside a narrow specialist circle (although an enterprising translation of *Die Wölfe* by J. M. Ritchie appeared in *Seven Expressionist Plays*); and one reason for this neglect has been pointedly recorded by an equally obscure cosmic Expressionist, Alfred Mombert: "The more one writes about totality for totality; the smaller the circle of those who respond becomes."

But whereas Mombert experiences the divine presence in terms of an almost welcome figure breathing life into his chill architectonic landscapes, Brust explores—not without considerable relish—the violence generated by a clash between opposing principles: Christianity versus the heathen world; civilization versus the law of the jungle; morality against extremes of sexual depravity; and man against the cosmos. And whereas Mombert composes vast lyric and dramatic cycles, Brust's work is compressed and abrupt (seventeen plays in 250 pages): the action unfolds, as Horst Denkler aptly expresses it, like a fresco, a series of jerky, fleeting impressions against a background of foreboding and dark violence.

In some respects Brust is a peripheral figure: he hails from the easternmost German territories, and in *Die Wölfe* the perspectives open across the Central European plain towards Asia; and he was himself unwilling to become involved in Expressionism as a movement. But, in spite of himself, his works clearly fall into line with those of the second generation Expressionists: not the political, but the "cosmic aesthetic" wing under the patronage and leadership of Herwarth Walden and his journal, *Der Sturm*. There is, however, a marked difference: whereas Stramm, Schreyer and others might be described as both ecstatic and visionary, there is about Brust's dramas a contrived and self-conscious streak that marks him as derivative.

His is a drama of essentially unconvincing ritual and gratuitous violence, of rape by wolves, of female Christ-figures crucified on stage. It would be unfortunate if these sensational elements were permitted to make his achievement seem less indifferent than is actually the case.

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# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

## LIBRARIANS

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APPLICATIONS are invited from Honours GRADUATES for the above POST in the CATALOGUE DEPARTMENT of the SCIENCE LIBRARY.

Professional qualifications and/or library experience desirable.

Preference given to applicants holding a science degree.

Salary on scale—Grade II £1,641 to £2,256, Grade I £2,178 to £3,264 with superannuation (F.S.S.U.) and removal allowance.

Initial placing according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars from the Secretary, The University, Aberdeen, with whom applications (two copies) should be lodged by 29 July, 1972.

### BRUNEL UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY ASSISTANT

APPLICANTS, preferably with previous experience should have not less than three G.C.E. "O" levels including English Language or equivalent.

Commencing salary dependent upon qualifications and experience in the scale £[illegible] to £1,5[illegible] per annum, plus London Weighting. Holidays start at three weeks a year (the University also closes for the Christmas and Easter weeks) and good luncheon and social facilities are at hand.

Postcard for application form to Establishment Secretary, Brunel University, Uxbridge, or telephone Uxbridge 37188, extension 44. Closing date: 21 July, 1972.

### BOROUGH OF BRIDGWATER
PUBLIC LIBRARY

CHIEF ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (SO 1 £2,167 to £2,766)

APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS with five years' experience after qualifying. The post is next in seniority to the Borough Librarian and Curator.

Application forms and further details from Angus Dunn, Borough Librarian and Curator, Public Library, Binford Place, Bridgwater, Somerset.

Closing date: 17th July, 1972.

J. L. Turner, Town Clerk.

### THE BRITISH COUNCIL
requires a

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT in Medical Department at London headquarters for work on the books section of the monthly publication *British Medicine* and to assist with bibliographical inquiries in an expanding medical information service.

Applicants should be qualified librarians with medical library experience or a degree in a science subject. Those qualifying in 1972 will be considered.

Salary £1,27[illegible] at age 21 to £1,626 at 25, rising to £2,325.

Write, quoting G/JJC4, to Staff Recruitment Department, 65 Davies Street, London, W1Y 2AA, for further particulars and application form to be submitted by July 19.

### BRISTOL
COLLEGE OF ST. MATTHIAS

APPLICATIONS are invited from GRADUATES with library qualifications for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in a developing College of Education Library.

Salary Scale AP2 or 3.

Application forms and further details from Librarian, College of St. Matthias, Fishponds, Bristol, BS16 2JJ, to whom applications should be sent by 21st July.

### CITY OF BIRMINGHAM
EDUCATION COMMITTEE

TUTOR LIBRARIANS

A Tutor Librarian to take charge of the College Library is to be appointed at each of the colleges named below at the salary scale indicated. Applications are invited for these posts from persons having relevant qualifications and experience.

LECTURER GRADE II
GARRETTS GREEN TECHNICAL COLLEGE
Garretts Green Lane
Birmingham B33 0TS

HANDSWORTH AND ERDINGTON TECHNICAL COLLEGE
Whitehead Road, Birmingham B6 6EU

BROOKLYN TECHNICAL COLLEGE
Aldridge Road, Great Barr,
Birmingham B44 8NE

LECTURER GRADE I
BOURNVILLE SCHOOL OF ART
Linden Road, Bournville,
Birmingham B30 1JS

Salary: Lecturer I, £1,900 to £2,525, commencing salary according to qualifications and experience; Lecturer II, £2,353 to £3,[illegible]

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Principal of each college to whom completed forms should be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

There is a scheme for assistance with removal expenses.

(V/[illegible])

### CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
LIBRARY MANAGEMENT RESEARCH UNIT

THREE vacancies exist for those with interest, and if possible experience, in research in Library Management. Two will be filled by candidates possessing experience of working in an academic library and one by a qualified statistician. The appointments will be made at the level of either Senior Assistant in Research (scale £2,082 to £2,670) or Assistant in Research (£1,482 to £2,082) according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidates and will date from 1 September, 1972, or as soon as possible thereafter.

The Research Unit is supported by the Office for Scientific and Technical Information, and its work is to study the organization of academic libraries and the use of such libraries by readers at all levels.

Further information is obtainable from the Librarian, Cambridge University Library, Cambridge, to whom applications should be sent by 29 July, 1972.

### CHARTERED LIBRARIANS

Required for two posts in Birmingham University Library.

Salary scale, £1,653-£1,932.

Applications (one copy) naming two referees and stating age, qualifications and experience should be sent to the Librarian, Main Library, University of Birmingham, P.O. Box 363, Birmingham B15 2TT (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 14th July.

### CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of Librarian in the Social and Political Sciences Library. Preference will be given to a chartered librarian. A degree in the social sciences would be an advantage.

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Applications, in writing, giving curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of two referees, to the Secretary of the Social and Political Sciences Committee, Syndics Building, Mill Lane, Cambridge, CB2 1RX, by 17th July, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

### CUMBERLAND COUNTY COUNCIL
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
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at
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Wigton

(Voluntary Controlled Comprehensive—[illegible] boys and girls 11 to 18. [illegible] in Sixth Form)

APPLICATIONS invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS with suitable experience.

Salary scale AP 1 to AP [illegible]

Further particulars and application form, returnable within 10 days from the Director of Education, 5 Portland Square, Carlisle, CA1 1PU.

T. J. R. Whitfield, Clerk of the County Council.

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APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified LIBRARIANS for the above POST, which involves the management and development of library services to 90,000 people. Further details and forms of application from County Librarian, County Offices, Matlock, Derbyshire, DE4 3AP.

Closing date 31st July, 1972.

In view of local government reorganization and if all other things are equal, preference may be given to candidates employed in local government in Derbyshire.

### EAST ANGLIAN REGIONAL HOSPITAL BOARD
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APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified and experienced CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for the above appointment. The person appointed will be required to establish a comprehensive library and records service for the Board's Headquarters and advise on filing systems and methods. This is a new and interesting post required to meet the demand for information which is constantly increasing and the person appointed will work closely with medical, nursing, professional, technical and administrative staff.

The Board's offices are pleasantly situated in Cambridge, of modern construction and canteen facilities are available.

The commencing salary will be at the rate of £2,052, rising by annual increments to £2,565 per annum.

Whitley Council conditions apply; the post is superannuable and a 5-day week is in operation.

Further details and application form from the Secretary to the Board, Union Lane, Cambridge, and to be returned by 17th July, 1972.

### HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
BALLS PARK COLLEGE
Hertford

The new College library is to be reclassified during the next two years to the Dewey system. The following staff are required temporarily in the first instance.

(i) CHARTERED LIBRARIAN salary AP 2/3.

Apply to the Principal at the College, giving details of age, qualifications and experience.

### HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
STEVENAGE COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION
Monkswood Way, Stevenage, Herts.
SG1 1LA

A SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN required, to be responsible to the College Librarian for the administration of the College Library. Further details available on request.

Housing may be available from Stevenage Development Corporation.

Salary Scale: £1,140 to £1,932 per annum with appropriate placing for qualified status.

Applications, giving full details of age, education and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, to the Principal by 21st July, 1972.

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Forms and further details obtainable from the Borough Librarian and Curator, Central Library, Fairfield Road, Kingston upon Thames, KT1 2PS, to be returned within 14 days from the date of this advertisement.

### LONDON BOROUGH OF BARNET
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APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the POST of ASSISTANT STOCK EDITOR, Grade AP5, £2,304 to £2,562, including London Weighting.

The successful candidate will be expected to remain in the service of the Council for at least two years.

Full details and application forms from the Borough Librarian, Ravensfield House, The Burroughs, Hendon, NW4 4BE. Closing date 12th July, 1972.

R. H. Williams, Town Clerk.

### LONDON BOROUGH OF BRENT
AMENITIES AND WORKS DEPARTMENT
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APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS in the BRENT LIBRARY SERVICE.

Applicants should have completed Library Association examinations or have made substantial progress towards qualification.

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Forms of application are obtainable from the Administration Manager, Room 905, Brent House, High Road, Wembley, Middlesex, and should be returned by 24th July.

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Salary scale AP.3, £1,758 to £2,037, commencing point according to qualifications and experience.

Further details and application form from Chief Librarian, Hounslow House, 724/734 London Road, Hounslow, Middlesex. Tel.: 01-570 7728, Ext. 241.

Closing date: 20th July, 1972.

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Urmston Division

Qualifications: Chartered Librarian

Salary: Librarians' Scale £1,545 to £1,932.

Salary starting points commensurate with qualifications and experience.

The posts are superannuable and subject to certificate of fitness.

Application (naming two referees and indicating for which post(s) candidate wishes to be considered) to County Librarian, 143 Corporation Street, Preston PR1 8RH by the 14th July.

### LANCASHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
PRESCOT COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of TUTOR/LIBRARIAN. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians. Salary will be in accordance with the Burnham (Further Education) Report, Lecturer I with additions for approved qualifications and experience.

Further details and forms of application may be obtained from the Divisional Education Officer, Education Office, "Woolcroft", 9, West Street, Prescot, Lancs. Closing date, Monday, 17th July, 1972.

### CITY OF LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC
LIBRARY SERVICE

APPLICATIONS invited for TWO NEW ACADEMIC POSTS in the library service. Teaching will be a major part of the duties. One post will be based on the Art and Design Library and the other on the Science and Technology (including also Building, Architecture, Business and Management and Law) Library. Applicants should have teaching experience, library qualifications and graduate or equivalent qualifications in one of the specialist areas of the service.

Posts are at Lecturer Grade 2 level, but for a candidate with appropriate qualification, and experience one of the appointments may be made at Senior Lecturer level.

Lecturer Grade 2, £2,355 to £3,0[illegible] per annum. Senior Lecturer, £3,1[illegible] to £3,495 per annum.

Application form and further particulars obtainable from the Chief Administrative Officer (Dept. Est.), City of Leicester Polytechnic, P.O. Box 143, Leicester LE1 9BH. Applications should be returned as soon as possible.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT required. Salary scale: £1,050 by £60 to £1,320 p.a. (review pending); superannuation scheme. Appointment on scale according to qualifications and experience.—Applications to Deputy Secretary, Royal Veterinary College, Royal College Street, London, N.W.1.

### LONDON AND SOUTH EASTERN LIBRARY REGION
(LASER)

JUNIOR ASSISTANT (Clerical Grade 1/2 rising to £1,[illegible] plus "Central London Weighting"); required for London and South Eastern Library Region. 5-day week, no evenings or Saturdays; Local Superannuation Scheme.

Further details and applications to the Executive Officer, LASER c/o National Central Library, Store Street, WC1E 7DG, by 14th July, 1972.

### COUNTY BOROUGH OF LUTON
BRANCH LIBRARIAN

Required for the new MARSH FARM BRANCH LIBRARY, opening in November/December, 1972. This library has several interesting features, including installation of the Plessey Dataplen Circulation Control System. The person appointed will be required to assist in preparing for the new system and will have responsibility for bookstock selection.

Applicants should be Chartered Librarians with knowledge of and interest in computorised issue and cataloguing systems.

Salary within A.P. 3/4, £1,653 to £2,190.

100 per cent removal expenses.

Further particulars and application forms, returnable by 25th July, 1972, may be obtained from the Chief Executive Officer (Ref. 52), Town Hall, Luton, LU1 2NQ.

### UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM
THE LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for TWO POSTS as ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Grade I). Both appointments are now ones, preparatory to a move into a fine new building for the University Library in 1973, and offer scope for initiative in developing new services.

(a) SPECIAL COLLECTIONS LIBRARIAN, To take charge of Rare Books, Local History and Non-Book Materials.

(b) LIBRARIAN-IN-CHARGE OF STUDENT REFERENCE COLLECTION. To install and develop a separately administered Student Reference Collection.

Candidates for both posts should have a good honours degree, professional qualifications in librarianship, and previous experience in an academic library. Salary according to qualifications and experience on the scale £1,641 to £2,676 to £3,264.

Further information and application forms from the Staff Appointments Officer, The University, Nottingham, NG7 2RD, to whom applications should be sent by 31 July, 1972.

Please quote ref. 202 (a) or (b).

### MIDDLESEX
LIBRARIAN

required for small technical library at Brentford. Must have Part II of the Librarian Association examination.

Salary up to £1,400 per annum, five-day week, canteen facilities.

Apply: Constructional Services Limited, Westgate House, Ealing Road, Brentford, Middlesex.

### BOROUGH OF PENZANCE
LENDING LIBRARIAN AND READERS' ADVISER

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the POST of LENDING LIBRARIAN and READERS' ADVISER. Salary scale: A.P.III, viz., £1,653 to £1,932 per annum.

The successful applicant will be responsible, with nominal supervision, for a busy lending library (issues 400,000 plus) which was completely modernized in 1965-66 and must be experienced in the work of a lending library and have a good working knowledge of books and their exploitation.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Borough Librarian and applications, together with the names of two referees, should be recieved by the undersigned not later than first post Monday, 17th July, 1972.

E. O. WHEALE, Town Clerk.
Municipal Buildings, Penzance.

### CITY OF SALFORD
PUBLIC LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
CATALOGUER

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably experienced Chartered Librarians for the above POST, at a salary within the A.P. 3/4 Scale (£1,65[illegible]-£2,[illegible]).

Application forms are obtainable from the City Librarian, Central Library, Peel Park, Salford, M5 4WU, to whom they should be returned not later than July 31st, 1972.

### CITY OF SALFORD
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
SALFORD COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

An ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN is required to take charge of classification and cataloguing and to assist in the organisation of a growing collection of learning resource material. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians, preferably with relevant experience.

Salary £1,6[illegible] p.a. (£1,9[illegible] p.a. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.

Application form from the Director of Education, Education Office, Chapel Street, Salford, M3 5LT.

### THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD
THE LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from professionally qualified Honours Graduates for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Acquisitions) to coordinate subject specialization, from 1st October, 1972, or as soon as possible thereafter. Previous experience essential.

Salary within the range £1,641 to £3,117, with USS [illegible] provision.

Further particulars from the Registrar and Secretary, to whom applications (three copies) should be sent by 5th July, 1972. Quote Reference: R.60/A[illegible].

### SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC LIBRARY SERVICES

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following vacancy, a new post in the rapidly expanding Library Services.

SUBJECT LIBRARIAN (SCIENCE and TECHNOLOGY) LECTURER Grade 2.

Candidates should be Fellows of the Library Association or Graduate Chartered Librarians. Senior experience in an Academic or Public Reference Library and an ability to teach the use of Libraries would be advantageous.

Salary Scale, £2,355 to £3,05[illegible] per annum.

Application forms and further details may be obtained from The Staff Officer, Sheffield Polytechnic, Halfords House, Fitzalan Square, Sheffield, S1 1BB, to whom completed forms should be returned within 14 days.

### SUNDERLAND
EDUCATION AUTHORITY
MONKWEARMOUTH COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION
APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST, duties to commence as soon as possible.

Applicants should have completed the Library Association Part II examination. Salary will be within the Librarians' grade £1,140 to £1,653 at present under review.

Applications giving full details of education, qualifications, and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees should reach the Principal, Monkwearmouth College of Further Education, Swan Street, Sunderland, Co. Durham, not later than 21st July, 1972.

### THE UNIVERSITY OF SUSSEX
SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
LIBRARIAN

Required as soon as possible, latest 1st January, 1973, a LIBRARIAN for the SCHOOL OF EDUCATION. The post involves the management of conventional specialist library services but the person appointed will also be expected to play a regional role in the analysis and development, in collaboration with educational agencies in the region, of the resources and facilities available to practising teachers throughout the Sussex area.

Salary on the Library Scale £1,641 to £3,0[illegible] per annum according to age, qualifications and experience.

Application forms and further particulars from the Establishment Officer, Sussex House, The University of Sussex, Falmer, Brighton BN1 9RH. Closing date for applications 17th July, 1972.

Please quote ref 75[illegible].

### BOROUGH OF WORTHING
SECONDARY SCHOOLS LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST on A.P. 3-4 (£1,653 to £1,932) depending upon qualifications and experience. An advisory service to the eight secondary schools in the borough commenced in 1966 and has proved most successful.

It is a challenging post with exceptional opportunities for a candidate with character as well as professional qualifications. For further details, apply to the Chief Librarian, Central Public Library, Chapel Road, Worthing, Sussex, by whom applications, accompanied by the names of two referees, should be received by, not later than 22nd July, 1972.

Thomas Fuord, Town Clerk.

### WEST BROMWICH EDUCATION COMMITTEE
WEST BROMWICH COLLEGE OF COMMERCE AND TECHNOLOGY
Rigby Street, Wednesbury
Staffordshire WS10 0NP
TUTOR-LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS, preferably with some teaching experience. The applicant will be responsible to the Chief Librarian for the development of one of the four Divisional Libraries. Emphasis on learning resources; scope for initiative (total bookstock 35,000; 500 periodicals).

Salary Scale, Lecturer Grade I £1,500 to £2,525 (or £2,681 if good honours graduate).

Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Principal, to whom completed forms should be returned within fourteen days, of the appearance of this advertisement.

M. J. Gifford, Director of Education

### WEST SUSSEX COUNTY LIBRARY
SCHOOL LIBRARIANS (TWO POSTS)
Salary Scale, £1,653 to £1,932

New appointment at Midhurst/Petworth and replacement at Bognor Regis. School Librarians are members of County Library Staff, seconded to schools.

Applicants must be chartered librarians, with the appropriate papers on children's work.

Further details and application forms may be obtained from County Librarian, Tower Street, Chichester, Sussex. Closing date 17th July, 1972.

## PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

APPLICATIONS are invited for visiting appointments (May 4-August 31, 1973): 1. Modern British History, 2. Middle Eastern History, 3. Canadian History, 4. Social History (any area, any period before 1900). Salary for the four month period will be in the range of $4,000 to $5,[illegible] plus travelling. Full particulars available from H. J. M. Johnston, Acting Chairman, Department of History, Simon Fraser University, Burnaby 2, B.C. Canada.

### AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY
RESEARCH SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCES
HISTORY OF IDEAS UNIT

[illegible]

### THE BRITISH COUNCIL
IRAN

[illegible]

### CAMBRIDGESHIRE AND ISLE OF ELY EDUCATION COMMITTEE

[illegible]

### UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

[illegible]

## VACANT APPOINTMENTS

### BBC
NEWS INFORMATION OFFICE

[illegible]

# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

### LONDON BOROUGH OF HAMMERSMITH
DEPARTMENT OF DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS

## ASSISTANT MANAGEMENT INFORMATION OFFICER

**Grade AP.3 (Salary £1,758-£2,037 p.a. inclusive)**

The officer appointed will be responsible for providing a comprehensive information service to Members and Senior Officers. This entails maintaining indexed records and a catalogued Library of Council Reports, Minutes and supporting documents.

Of primary importance will be the provision of a 'current awareness' service, giving strategic information based on facts collected from other sources. These facts and statistics will also be displayed in graphic form for which the officer will have the backing of design staff.

The post is in the Press Relations and Information Section and there will also be the opportunity of seeing the Press Work of that Section.

The position would suit a young Librarian wishing to specialise in the running of a data reference library. A knowledge of basic statistics an advantage. Day release facilities available if the officer is engaged on a training course.

Postcard requests for application forms to Personnel Manager, 233 Hammersmith Road, London, W.6, 8BX. Please quote reference D(0).23. Closing date 17 July, 1972.

## LIBRARY ASSISTANT

**Salary to £1338**

**plus £51 Special Payment**

The Library, with a staff of seven, is concerned with the commercial and administrative aspects of electricity supply.

The person appointed (one of three assistants) will provide support to senior assistants in internal and inter-library loans, periodical receipt and circulation, enquiry desk duty, catalogue card reproduction and filing, shelving and care of library material, and purchase of publications.

This post suits either someone with experience in some or all of these procedures, or a person interested in and able to deal with office routines and keep accurate records.

Write, giving full personal and career details and quoting TLS/89/72 by 17th July to:—

Howard Bussey, Personnel Officer

**the electricity council** 30 Millbank, London SW1P 4RD

### BREWING INDUSTRY RESEARCH FOUNDATION
Nutfield, Surrey

## LIBRARIAN

The Foundation requires a Librarian immediately. This post involves firstly, maintenance of a substantial library covering the fields of Technical Brewing, Chemistry and Biological Sciences and secondly, responsibility for an information service to the industry.

The post is suitable for someone leaving library school and who has, for example, one year's experience in an industrial library. Though a degree would be preferable it is not essential and more regard will be paid to ability in languages, particularly German.

The commencing salary will be in the range £1,300-£1,800 per annum, and the post will be superannuated.

Applications should be sent to the Administrative Manager, telephone Nutfield Ridge 2272 (073-782 2272).

### ASLIB PROFESSIONAL APPOINTMENTS REGISTER

On behalf of one of our clients, applications are invited for the following position:

## FEMALE INFORMATION OFFICER

with experience in marketing or market research, to assist in the preparation of reports. Knowledge of sources of business information and statistics essential.

Salary: £1,700-£1,800.

Location: London. Ref.: 40

For application forms, ring Mrs. Gittoes, 01-235 5050, Ext. 20.

## VACANT APPOINTMENTS

### MIDDLESEX

The Library in a College of Education urgently requires a GENERAL ASSISTANT. This position would suit an adult person, capable of accurate work with an ability to type and, preferably, some experience in book loans control, maintenance and clerical duties. 36-hour week includes some evening duties and an occasional Saturday morning. Salary: £843 to £915 per annum. London allowance £105.

Write for application form to The Bursar, Borough Road College, Isleworth, Middlesex.

### Furzedown College
Welham Road, SW17 9BU.
Principal: Miss M. E. Garvie, B.Sc.

ilea

## Library Assistant

required as soon as possible for College of Education. Post suitable for persons wishing to qualify as chartered librarians. Minimum qualifications 5 GCE 'O' level passes (of which 1 must be English language) and 2 'A' level passes.

Salary according to age, qualifications and experience between £1,101 and £1,656.

*Further details and application forms from the Chief Librarian, Furzedown College, Welham Road, SW17 9BU (Tel. 672 0131), to whom application forms should be returned within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.*

LONG-ESTABLISHED London organization, concerned seriously with extra sensory perception, needs senior administrative secretary.—Write Box 0331 T.L.S., The Times, EC4P 4DE.

## Technical Information Officer

Energy Technology Division,
Dept. of Trade and Industry

to record and abstract information on fuel and power, and iron and steel, from scientific and technical press and report literature, and to help maintain an index of such information for use by the scientific staff.

Candidates (normally aged under 30) should have a degree, HNC or equivalent in an appropriate subject with a reading knowledge of French or German and 2-5 years' appropriate post graduate experience depending on their qualification.

Salary within the scale £2121—£2600.

*Application Forms* from Mrs. D. Castle,
Department of Trade and Industry, Room 405,
Savoy Hill House, Savoy Hill,
London WC2R 0BX.
Closing date:
31st July 1972.

## Assistant Librarian

British Museum (Natural History)

to be responsible for the map collection and archives (in the Department of Palaeontology). It may be possible to undertake research in the field of geological documentation.

Candidates (aged under 27) should have a degree, HNC or equivalent in the earth or environmental sciences, have qualifications in library or information work or wide experience in a scientific library.

Appointment will be as Scientific Officer within the scale £1381—£2218.

*Application Forms* from Civil Service Commission,
Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants, telephone
BASINGSTOKE 29222 ext. 500 or LONDON
01-839 1698 (24 hour 'Ansafone'
service). Please quote:
S645/C14/H.
Closing date:
31st July 1972.

### Libraries Department

## Area Librarian

**Ref. 9/5**

**Salary £2,511—£2,910 per annum**

This is a rewarding and challenging opportunity for an enthusiastic Librarian to make a significant contribution to library work in the East End of London. The successful applicant will be a Chartered Librarian with public library experience, who will be responsible for administering and developing the library services in an area of the Borough from an Area Library and two to three branches.

## Senior Assistant

**Ref. 9/6**

**Salary £1,797—£2,076**

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians, or from those who have completed the Library Association Final examination or its equivalent, with suitable experience.

Further particulars and application form from the Head of Management Services, Town Hall, Patriot Square, London, E2 9LN. Please quote ref. Closing date, 24th July, 1972.




### MANCHESTER EDUCATION COMMITTEE

## Appointment of Librarian

Manchester Teachers' Centre
137 Barlow Moor Road, West Didsbury
Manchester M20 8PW

Qualified Librarian required to take charge of the specialist library which is being transferred from the Education Offices to these new premises. The library will be open during the day and evening.

Salary scale: £1,653 to £1,932 per annum.

Application forms and further particulars from:
Chief Education Officer (E6), Education Offices, Crown Square, Manchester M60 3BB.
Closing Date: 24 July, 1972.

## Nottinghamshire

JOSEPH WHITAKER COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL
WARSOP LANE, RAINWORTH, MANSFIELD

**Headmaster: R. Brooke, B.A.**

## SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of School Librarian at this School.

The appointment calls for all round professional ability and a willingness to take a full part in the life of a developing School community. The School is organised at present in a Lower Division and a Middle Division. In the Lower Division is a fully-equipped Resources Centre and extensions along the same lines are being planned for the Middle Division. A further 660 places will be provided in the 1972/73 building programme. Salary within Librarians' scale £1,545-£1,932 per annum. Further particulars available from the Headmaster at the School. Closing date 21 July.

WEST BRIDGFORD COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL
AND COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

## ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of Assistant Librarian, primarily responsible for the School Library.

The appointment calls for all round professional ability and a willingness to take a full part in the life of a developing campus. Salary: AP 3 £1,653-£1,932 per annum.

Further details from County Librarian, County Hall, West Bridgford, Nottingham, NG2 7QP.
Closing date 21 July.

### Shoreditch College of Education

ilea

Cooper's Hill Lane, Englefield Green, Egham, Surrey

## Librarian

Applications are invited from experienced Chartered Librarians for the newly established post of Librarian Grade III, who will be responsible to the College Librarian for the expansion and exploitation of the Library Resource Centre. This is a stimulating and demanding post in a mixed teacher training college situated in a pleasant rural site overlooking the Thames Valley at Runnymede, yet within easy reach of London.

Salary scale: £1,725 to £2,166, plus £30 supplementary London Weighting.

*Application forms and further details from the Senior Administrative Officer, Shoreditch College, to whom completed forms should be sent not later than 17th July, 1972.*

## PUBLISHING

### CENTRE FOR OVERSEAS PEST RESEARCH

## EDITOR £2,639—£3,658

for scientific papers and books, required in the Scientific Information Group. Extensive experience, preferably including the editorship of an entomological or biological journal, is required.

Candidates should have a university degree, preferably in Zoology, and a working knowledge of the principles of taxonomy and statistics would be an advantage. Age: preferably at least 33 years.

This appointment is for three years.

Further details and an application form from Establishment Officer, Centre for Overseas Pest Research, Overseas Development Administration, College House, Wrights Lane, London W8 5SJ.

Please quote: 3/4/20/K.

Closing date: 31 July, 1972.

# T·L·S

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